

10¢



DEC.

LIGHTNING

COMICS

U.S. MUNITIONS WORKS



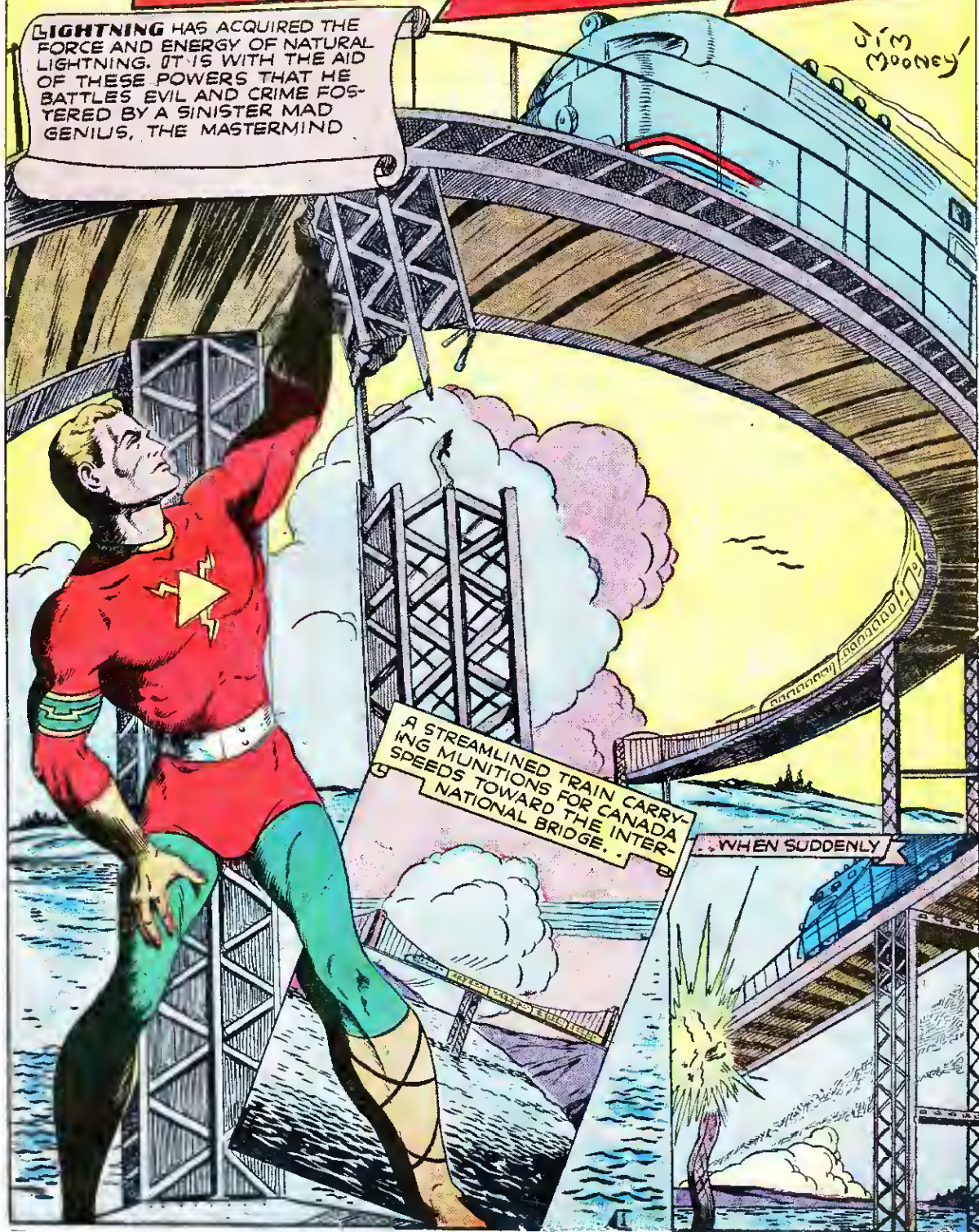


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"LASH" LIGHTNING

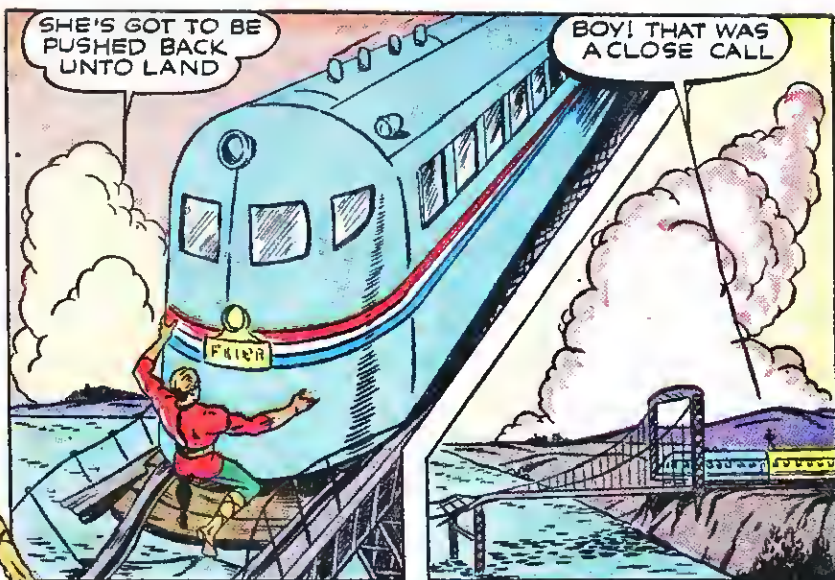
LIGHTNING HAS ACQUIRED THE FORCE AND ENERGY OF NATURAL LIGHTNING. IT IS WITH THE AID OF THESE POWERS THAT HE BATTLES EVIL AND CRIME FOSTERED BY A SINISTER MAD GENIUS, THE MASTERMIND

Jim Mooney





I'M GLAD I CAME ALONG. THIS TRAIN MUST BE SAVED



SHE'S GOT TO BE PUSHED BACK UNTO LAND

BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL



LIGHTNING STOPS TO TALK WITH THE ENGINEER WHEN HE IS APPROACHED BY A YOUNG GIRL

MY NAME IS GAIL DARMAN. I WAS SENT BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO KEEP TRACK OF THIS SHIPMENT AND I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID

DON'T MENTION IT. BUT THIS TRAIN HAS TO REACH CANADA AND I'D BETTER SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THE TRESTLE



IF I PULL THIS END UP AND HOLD IT WHERE THE TRACKS COME TOGETHER, THE TRAIN WILL BE ABLE TO PASS



THIS OUGHT TO WORK



WHOEVER BLEW UP THIS BRIDGE HAD HIS PLAN CHANGED

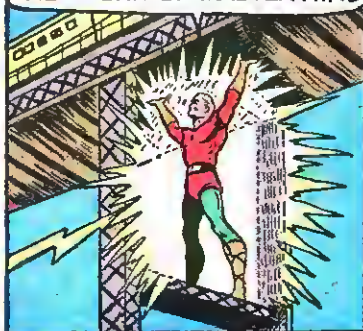


MEANWHILE ON A MOUNTAIN, OVERLOOKING THE SCENE

LIGHTNING DOESN'T KNOW I PROJECTED MYSELF OUT OF THAT FALL FROM THE ZEPPELIN, I'LL THROW A BOLT AND TEAR HIM OFF THAT BRIDGE

THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING
CREATED BY THE MAD SCIENTIST
HAS NO EFFECT

THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE
THE WORK OF MASTER MIND



MASTERMIND MAKES USE
OF HIS POWER TO PROJECT
HIMSELF ANYWHERE AT
WILL

THE GERMAN SUB,
ZX 26 IS WAITING OFF
THE COAST OF MAINE.
I'LL PROJECT MYSELF
THERE

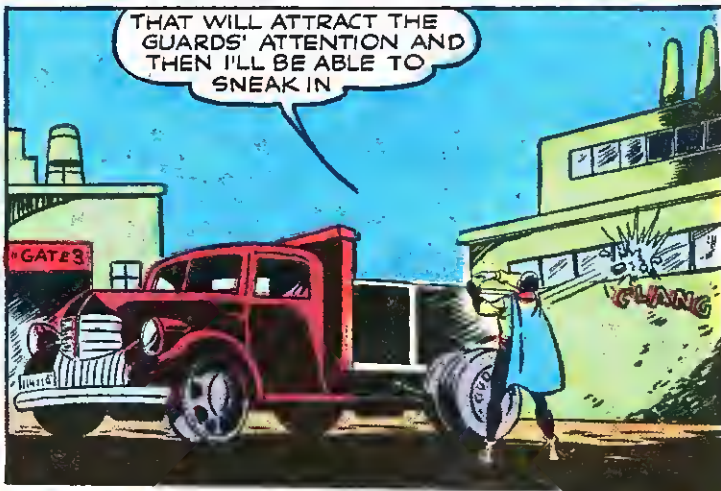


HE PROJECTS HIMSELF TO
A WAREHOUSE IN QUEBEC
WHERE SUPPLIES ARE STORED

NO ONE CAN INTERFERE
WITH MY PLANS. I'LL STOP
THESE SHIPMENTS IF IT
IS THE LAST THING I DO



THAT WILL ATTRACT THE
GUARDS' ATTENTION AND
THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO
SNEAK IN



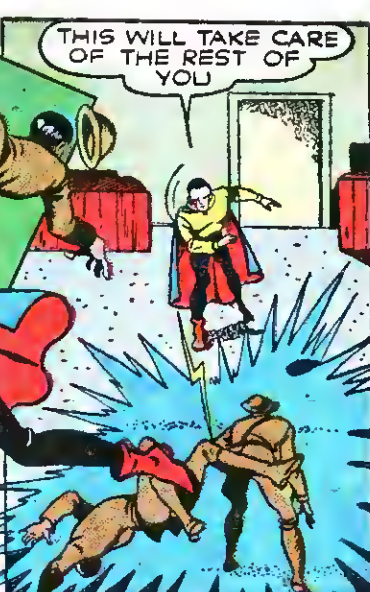
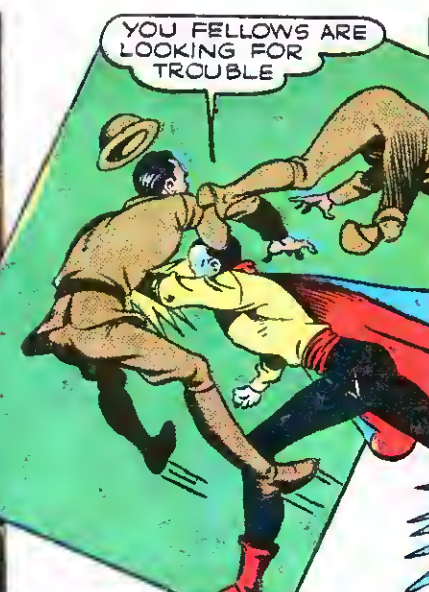
WHAT WAS
THAT?

THAT WAS A
CLEVER TRICK

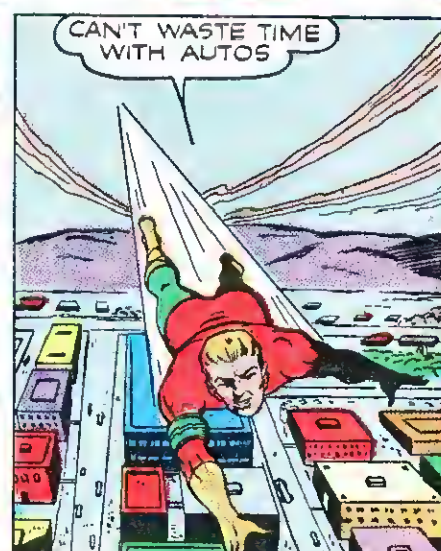
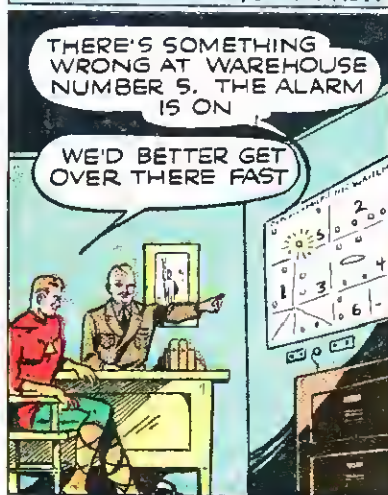


IT'S A PHOTO-ELECTRIC ALARM.
OPENING THIS DOOR BREAKS THE
CONTACT. I'D BETTER HIDE



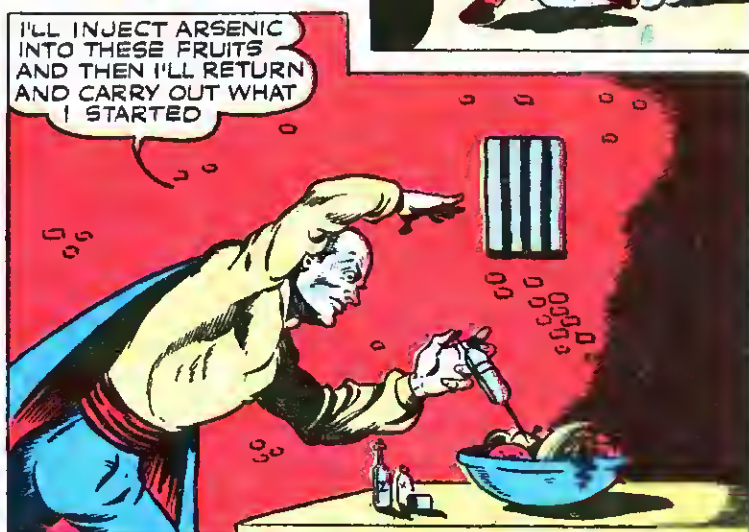
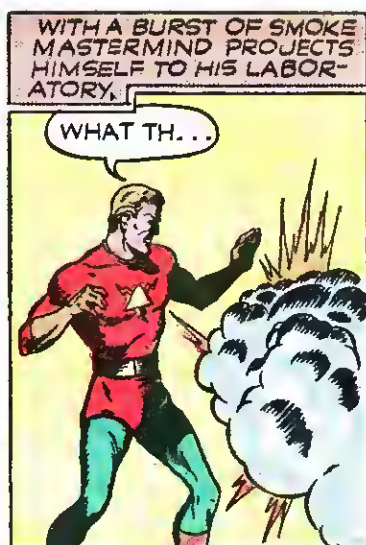


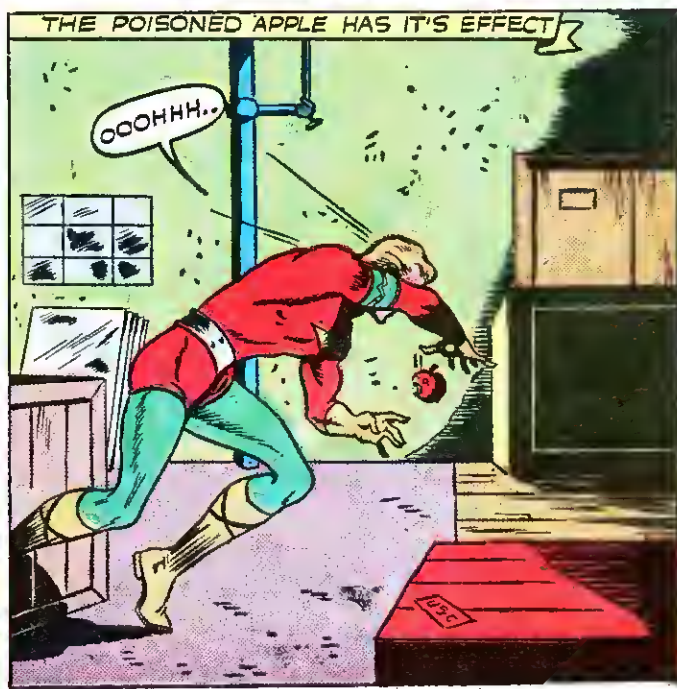
JUST THEN AT CANADIAN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS..



HE ARRIVES AT THE WAREHOUSE







THE SERVANT REPORTS TO HIS MASTER

HE ATE THE FRUIT. I WATCHED HIM THROUGH THE DOOR

GOOD WORK. YOU WILL RECEIVE MY REWARD



NOW I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT THE MASTERMIND, EH?



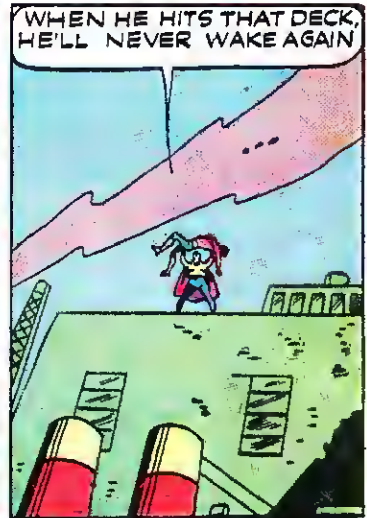
THIS WILL BE THE END OF YOU, MR. LIGHTNING



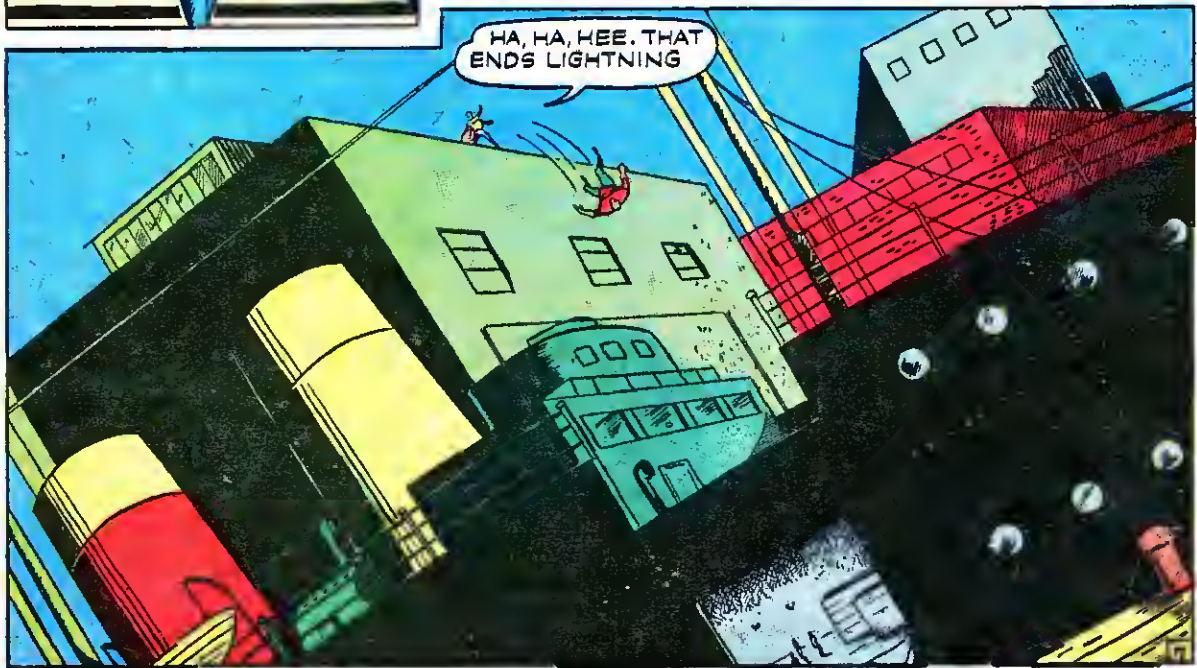
THAT FREIGHTER IS PULLING UP TO THE WHARF. GOOD. I'LL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

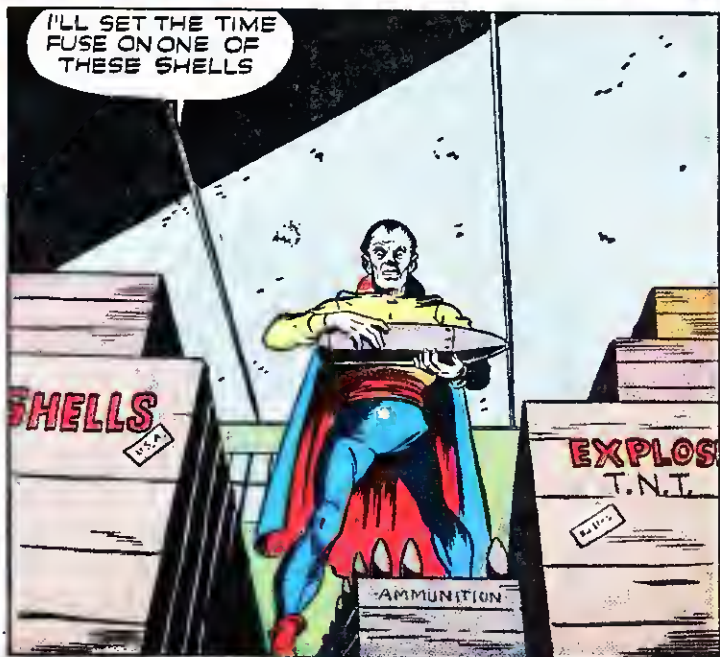
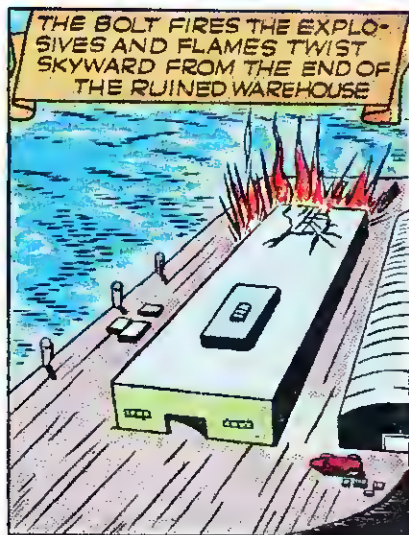
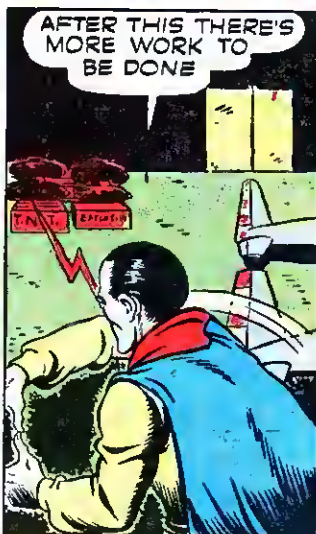
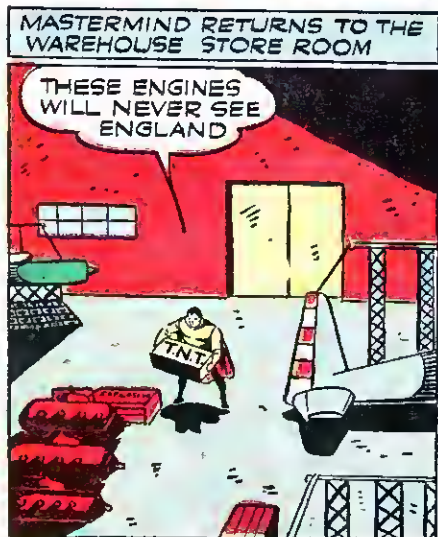
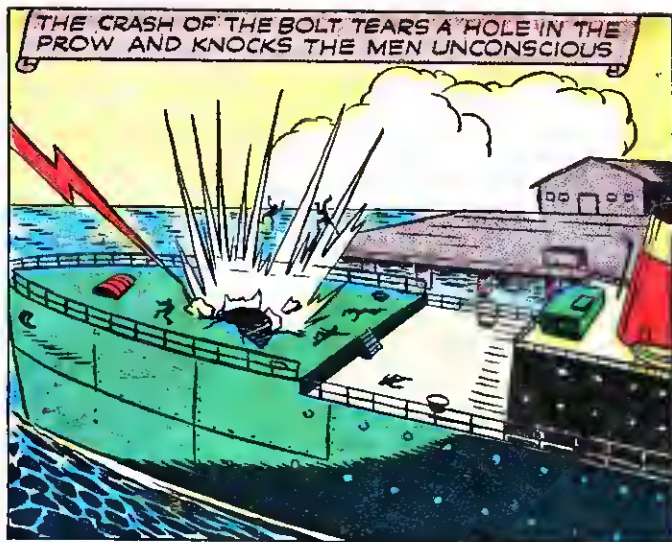


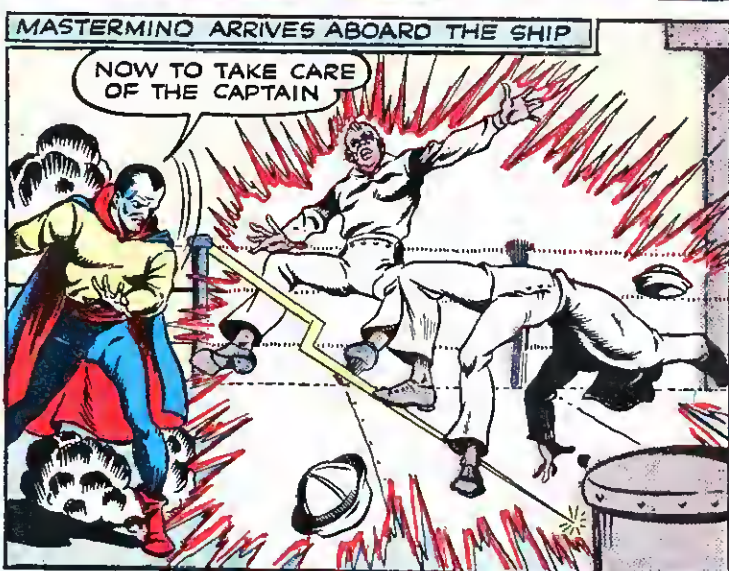
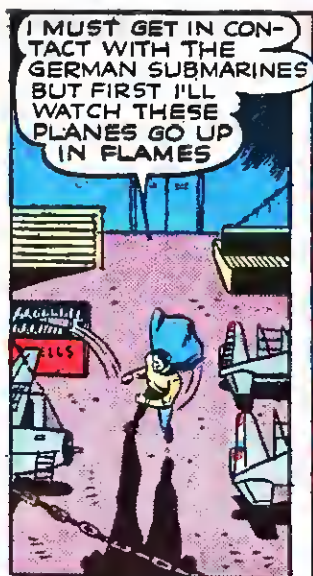
WHEN HE HITS THAT DECK, HE'LL NEVER WAKE AGAIN



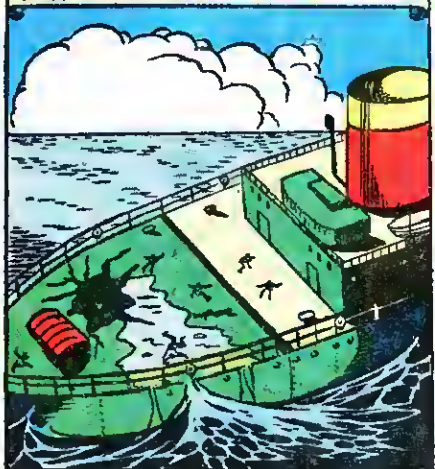
HA, HA, HEE. THAT ENDS LIGHTNING



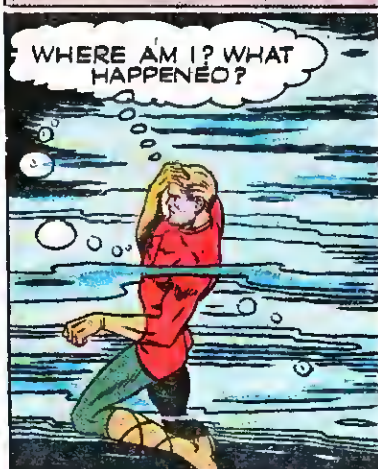




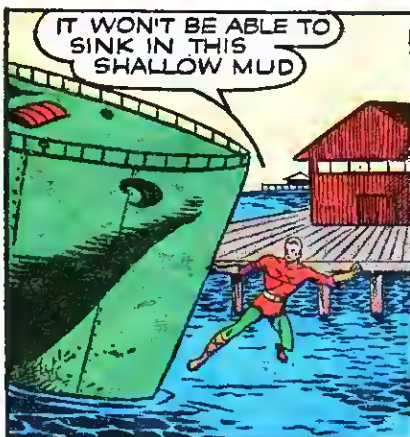
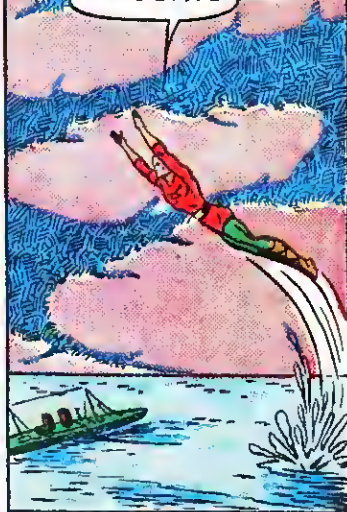
MEANWHILE THE PROW OF THE BOAT ON WHICH LIGHTNING WAS THROWN SLOWLY GOES UNDER



THE COLD WATER REVIVES HIM AS THE EFFECTS OF THE POISON WEAR OFF



I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT SHIP, EVERYONE COUNTS

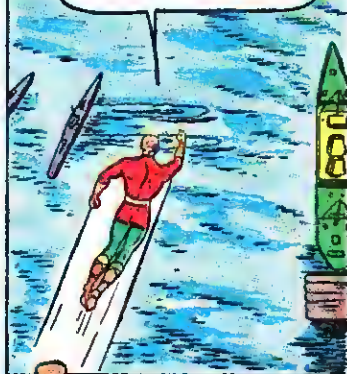


THE GERMAN SUBMARINES HAVE RECEIVED MASTER-MIND'S MESSAGE AND HAVE COME FOR THE KILL

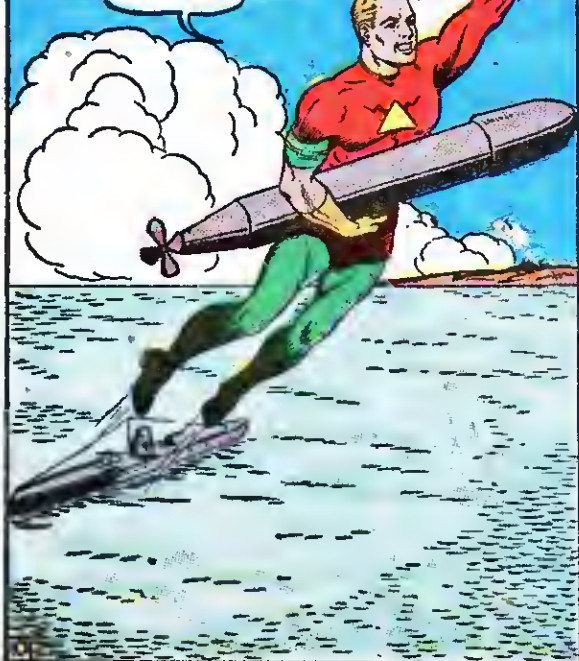
THOSE SUBS THINK THE COAST IS CLEAR BUT THEY'VE ANOTHER GUESS COMING



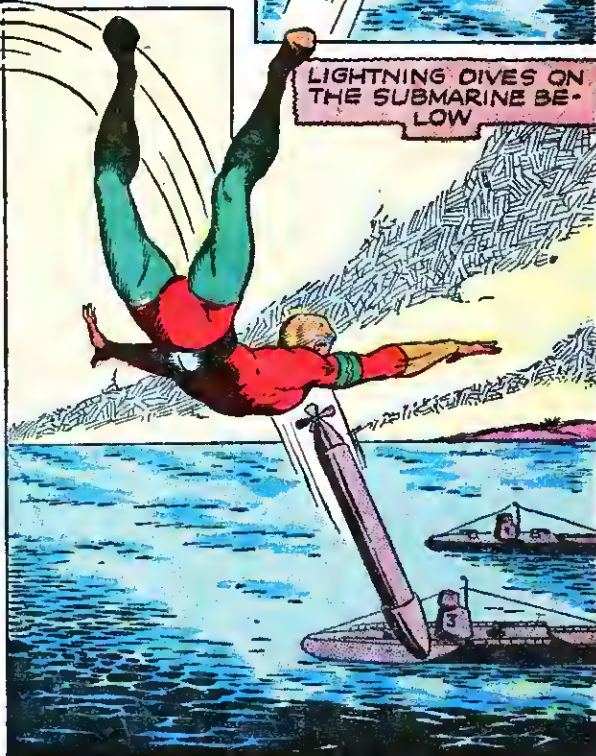
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME. TORPEDO THE SHIPS WHILE AT ANCHOR

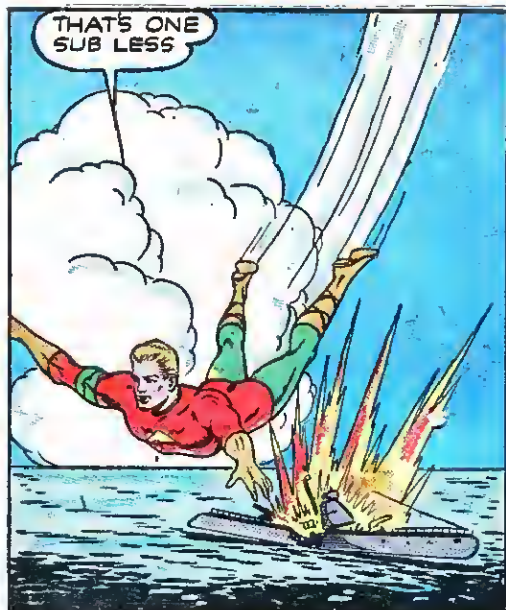


I'LL BET THEY NEVER SAW A DIVE BOMB MADE OUT OF A TORPEDO, BEFORE

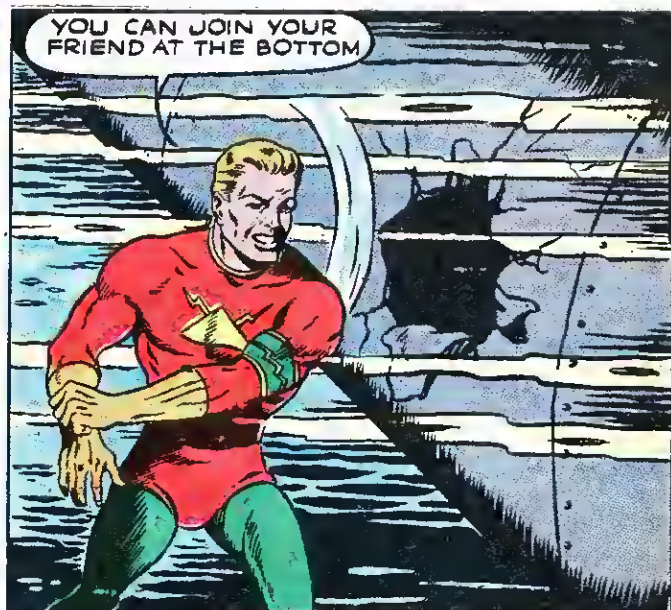


LIGHTNING DIVES ON THE SUBMARINE BELOW

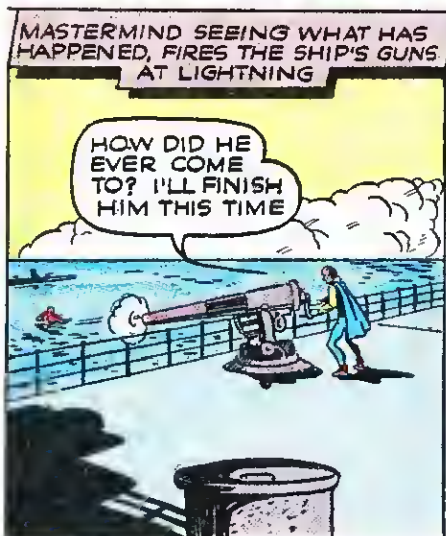




THAT'S ONE
SUB LESS



YOU CAN JOIN YOUR
FRIEND AT THE BOTTOM



MASTERMIND SEEING WHAT HAS
HAPPENED, FIRES THE SHIP'S GUNS
AT LIGHTNING

HOW DID HE
EVER COME
TO? I'LL FINISH
HIM THIS TIME



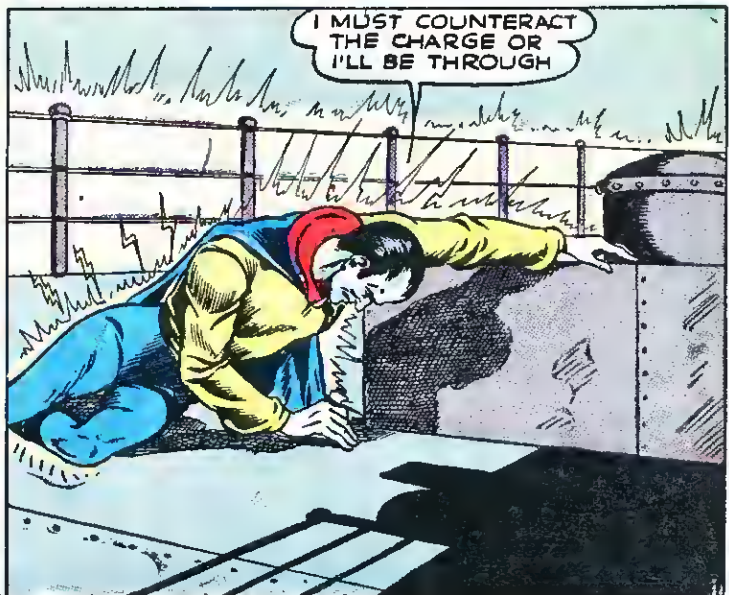
SO THAT'S WHERE HE
IS, HE'LL NEED BETTER
AIM THAN THAT TO
GET ME



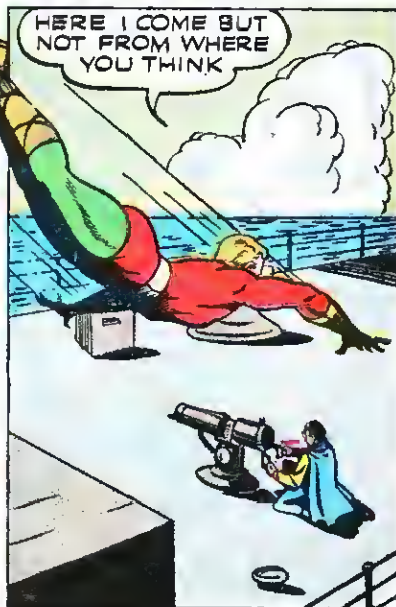
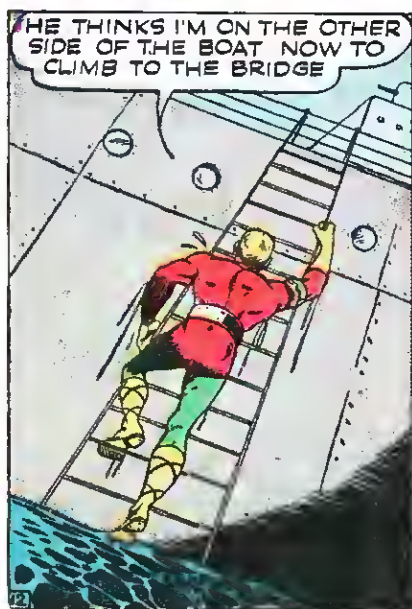
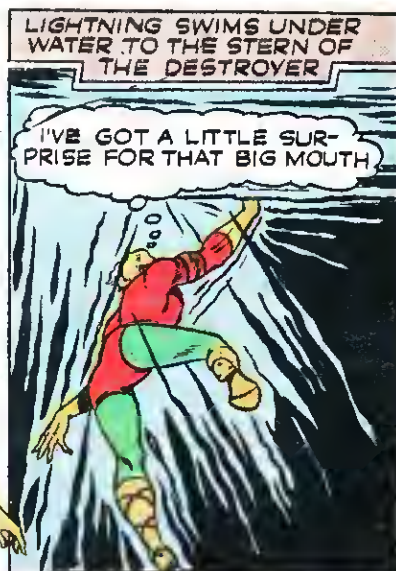
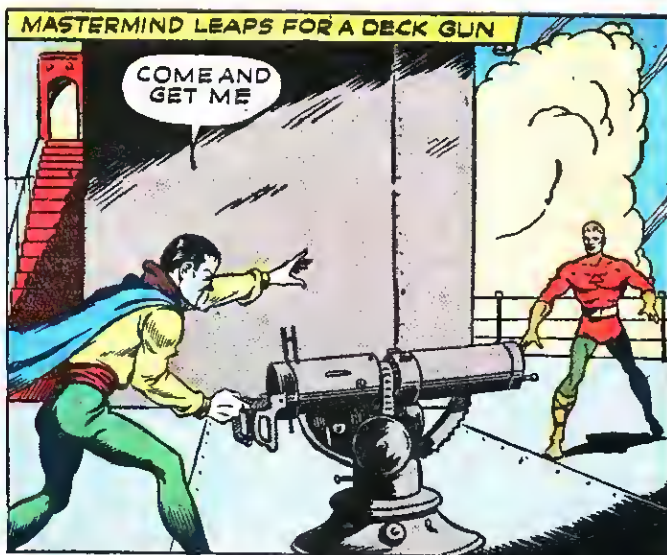
I DON'T WANT TO HARM THE
SHIP, BUT IF THIS BOLT LANDS
IN THE WATER IT WILL
GIVE THE STEEL HULL
AN ELECTRICAL
CHARGE

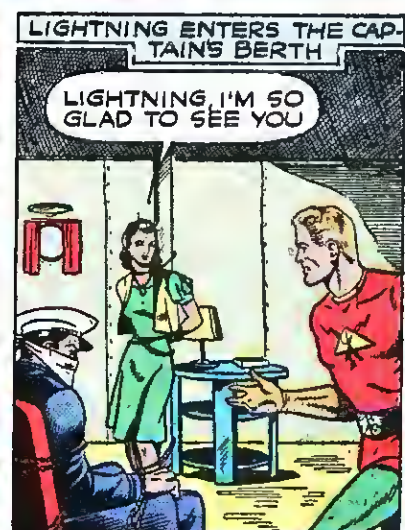
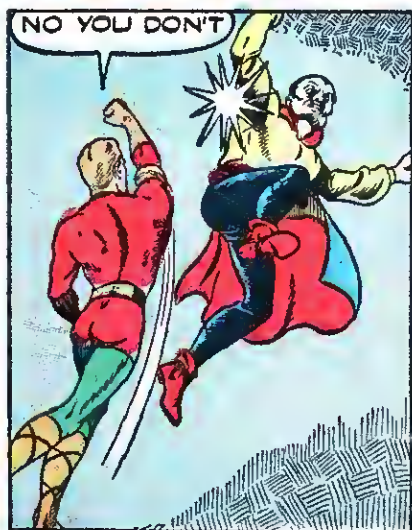
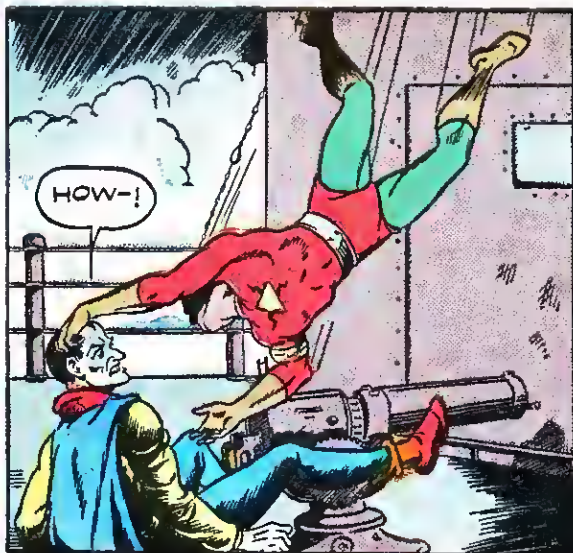


THE BOLT LANDS IN THE WATER
CHARGING THE SHIP WITH ELEC-
TRICITY

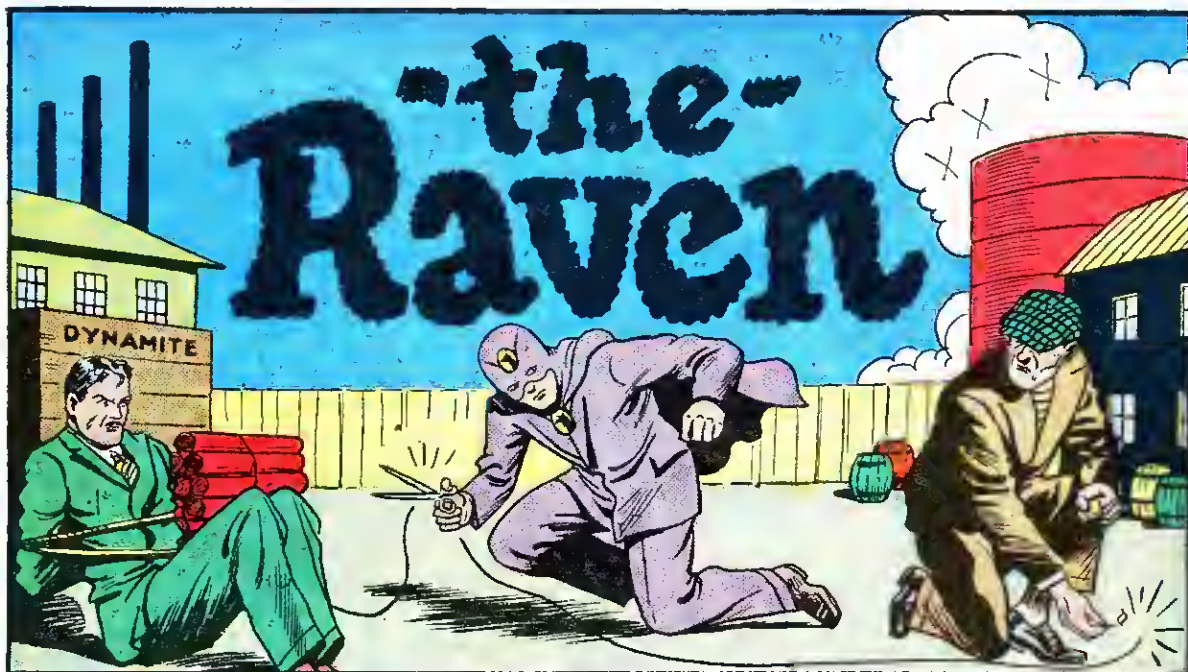


I MUST COUNTERACT
THE CHARGE OR
I'LL BE THROUGH





THERE'S ANOTHER SWELL STORY STARRING YOUR FRIEND **LIGHTNING** IN **4 FAVORITES**. AND DON'T FORGET THE NEXT ISSUE OF **LIGHTNING COMICS!**



IN THE HOME OF JOHN GRIMM, RACKETEER

OKAY, BOSS, I DUMPED THE BODY IN THE DOC'S CAR AND THREW THE GUN INTO HIS CELLAR

SWELL! JOHNNY, CALL UP THE DOC AND GET HIM OUT ON A CALL. I'LL PHONE THE COPS



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS! I WANT TO REPORT I HEARD GUN SHOTS COMING FROM THE HOME OF DR. WATSON AT 22 DALTON STREET

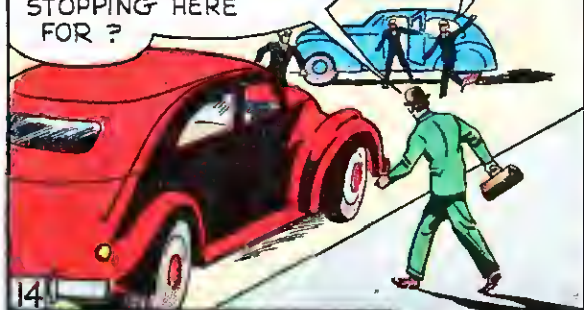
HELLO - DOCTOR WATSON'S OFFICE? THIS IS MR. LUDLOW AT 76 PINE LANE. COME OVER QUICK, MY BOY IS VERY SICK



DR. WATSON IS LEAVING, WHEN SUDDENLY...

I'LL HURRY RIGHT OVER TO THIS LUDLOW HOME. BUSINESS IS BEGINNING TO PICK UP. HEY--! WHAT ARE THE POLICE STOPPING HERE FOR?

WHAT'S THE HURRY, DOC? SEARCH THE CAR, TIM



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEY, SARGE! THERE'S A BODY IN HERE, FULL OF LEAD

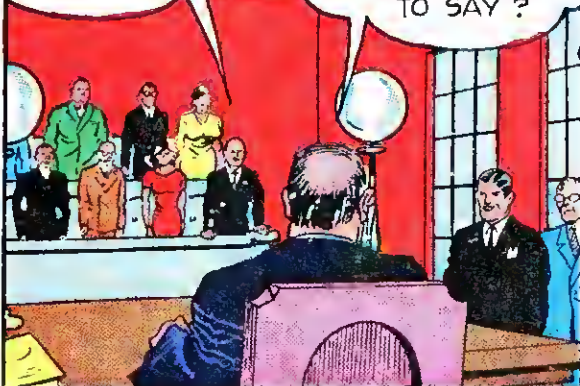
COME ALONG, DOC. WE'VE GOT A PLACE FOR GUYS LIKE YOU



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, IN CRIMINAL COURT

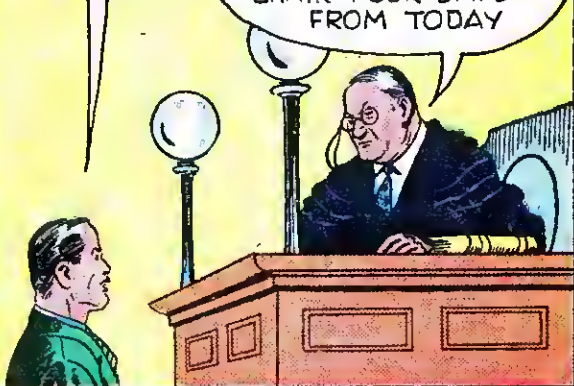
YOUR HONOR, WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY AND RECOMMEND NO MERCY

DOCTOR JAMES WATSON, BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE, HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?



YOUR HONOR, I AM INNOCENT!

DOCTOR WATSON, THE JURY HAS FOUND YOU GUILTY. THEREFORE I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOUR DAYS FROM TODAY



IN COURT ARE DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN, IN REALITY, THE RAVEN, HIS FIANCEE, LOLA, AND HER FATHER, CHIEF OF POLICE LASH...

DANNY, I'M SURE HE'S INNOCENT

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THE SAME WAY, LOLA



CHIEF, WILL YOU GIVE ME PERMISSION TO RE-OPEN THE DOCTOR'S CASE? I MIGHT PROVE HIM INNOCENT

FIND HIM INNOCENT?



WHY, THAT DOCTOR WAS PROBABLY KNEE DEEP IN MEDICAL RACKETEERING, AND HE HAD TO BUMP OFF ONE OF HIS GANGSTER PALS

WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE!

BOTH THE BODY AND THE GUN COULD HAVE BEEN PLANTED



STOP TRYING TO PROVE CONVICTED MEN INNOCENT. GO OUT AND GET THE RAVEN

DANNY, STOP ARGUING- AND COME WITH ME. WE'LL DO SOME UNOFFICIAL INVESTIGATING



AT THE RAVEN'S HIDEOUT DAYS ARE GOING BY FAST AND STILL NO BREAK IN THE WATSON CASE

LOLA CALLED WHILE YOU WERE OUT. SAID SHE HAS A HOT LEAD - HELLO, LOLA



I JUST FOUND OUT THAT THE DEAD MAN WAS ONCE SENTENCED TO PRISON WITH JOHN GRIMM, THE RACKETEER

JOHN GRIMM! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! I HEARD THAT NOBODY EVER LEFT GRIMM'S MOB ALIVE. THIS TIME THE RAVEN WILL BRING GRIMM TO JUSTICE



THE **RAVEN** SOON VISITS
THE HOME OF JOHN GRIMM

BOY, WHAT A MANSION!
CRIME SURE IS PAYING
THIS GUY WELL

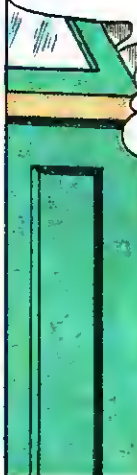


NOW THAT I'M INSIDE, I'LL
SEE IF ANYBODY'S HOME.
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S
IN THAT
ROOM



SAY, BOSS, ARE
YOU GONNA SEND
THE DOC FLOWERS IN
APPRECIATION FOR HIS
BURNING FOR YOU

NOT YET, JOHNNY. WE'LL
WAIT UNTIL THEY GIVE
THE DOC THE BUSINESS



SO THOSE TWO
MUGS THINK THE
DOC WILL DIE
FOR THEIR CRIME!
-- BUT NOT
WHEN THERE'S
A **RAVEN**!



HELLO, GRIMM. MIND IF
I COME IN? WHOOPS, -
WHAT A MOB! TOO LATE
TO BEAT IT I'LL HAVE
TO FIGHT THEM



**THE
RAVEN!**
GET HIM,
BOYS!



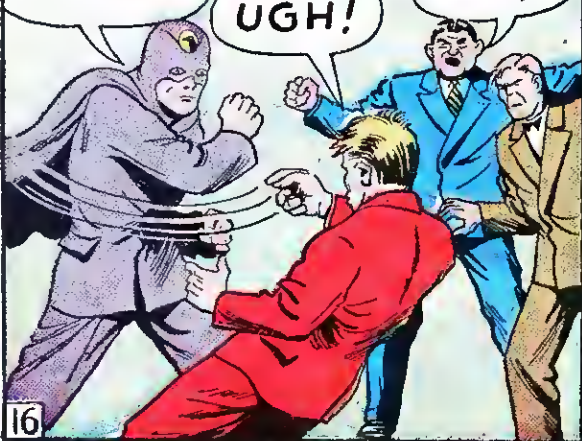
I SEE YOU GUYS
LIKE TO DRINK. HERE'S
A "MICKEY FINN"



WOOOSH!

BROTHER, YOU DON'T
LOOK SO GOOD TO ME.
I THINK YOU NEED
SOME SLEEP

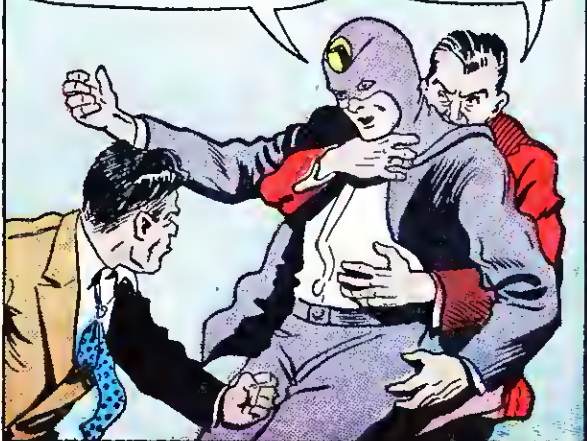
COME ON, YOU
MUGS, FINISH
HIM!

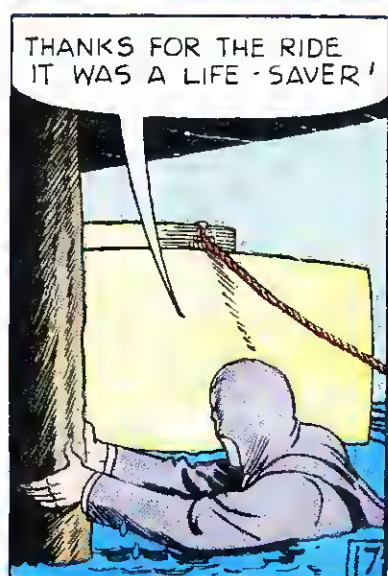
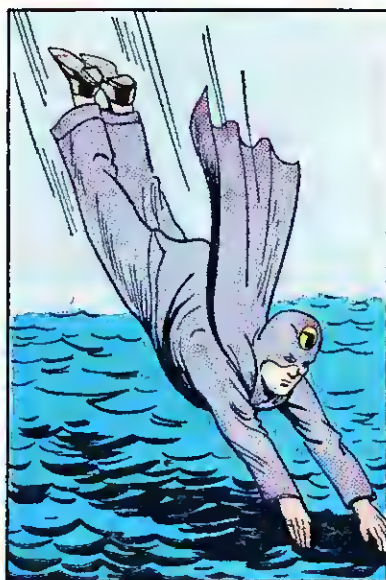
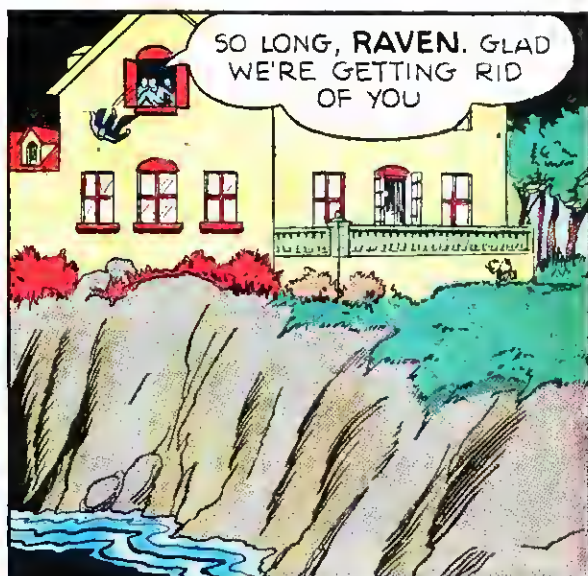


UGH!

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO
TAKE THIS MOB OVER
BY MYSELF... **OOPS!**

THIS WILL
FINISH YOUR
HIGH FLYING-





AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

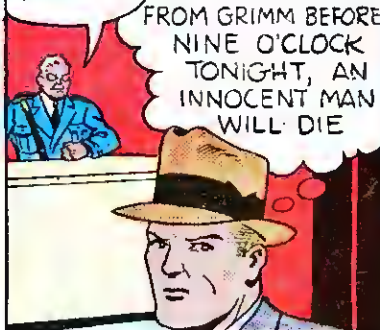
WHAT'S THE RUSH, DANNY?

CHIEF, YOU'VE GOT TO GET DR. WATSON A STAY OF EXECUTION. HE'S INNOCENT AND I'LL PROVE IT



YOU STILL ANNOYING ME WITH THAT DR. WATSON. NOW GO OUT AND GET THE RAVEN OR HAND IN YOUR BADGE.

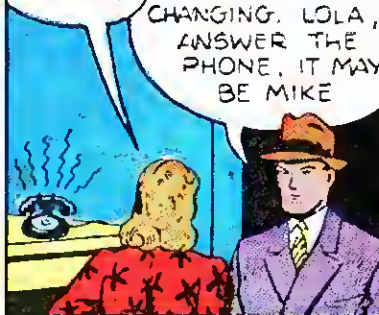
OH HECK! I'0 BETTER WORK FAST. IF I DON'T GET A CONFESSION FROM GRIMM BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK TONIGHT, AN INNOCENT MAN WILL DIE



DANNY RUSHES TO HIS HIDEOUT

DANNY, MIKE CALLED. GRIMM HAS DISAPPEARED BUT HE IS FOLLOWING ONE OF THE GANG. HE'LL CALL BACK SOON

GOOD OLD MIKE I'D BETTER START CHANGING. LOLA, ANSWER THE PHONE. IT MAY BE MIKE



IT'S MIKE HE SAYS THE GANGSTER HE TAILED WENT INTO BAILEY'S SALOON

SWELL! TELL MIKE I'M GOING THERE AT ONCE IN DISGUISE



I GOTTA SEE THE BOSS. IT'S IMPORTANT

OKAY. I'LL GIVE YOU HIS NEW ADDRESS, BUT MAKE SURE YOU GO ALONE



OF COURSE I'LL GO ALONE. CHEE, THE BOSS WOULD GIVE ME THE WORKS IF I TOOK ANYONE ALONG

WELL, THE BOSS IS UP AT -- SAY, LOOK AT DAT BEGGAR OVER THERE



HE'S TRYING TO HEAR WHAT WE'RE SAYING

HE MAY BE A COP. COVER HIM WITH YOUR ROD. I'LL FRISK HIM

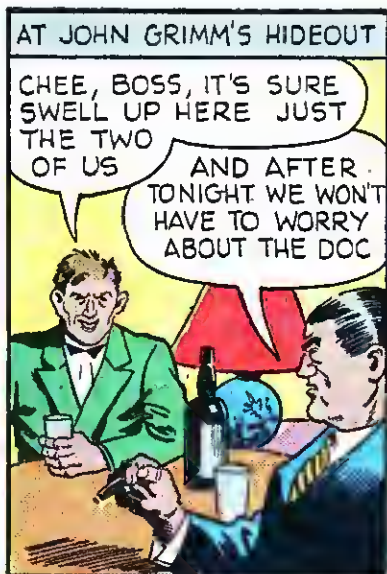


Y-EEY! IT'S THE RAVEN

THE RAVEN'S DEAD. MUST BE HIS GHOST!









OKAY, RAT. YOU'RE GOING TO CONFESS TO THE KILLING THAT DOCTOR WATSON WAS CONVICTED OF



GIMME A BREAK. LET ME GO AND I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY GRAND. I'VE GOT IT HIDDEN IN THE HOUSE

FIFTY GRAND! WHEW! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY. I COULD PUT IT TO GOOD USE. OKAY, I'LL TAKE IT



IT'S A DEAL. HERE'S THE MONEY. NOW I'LL BEAT IT

BEAT IT? YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, RAT. I ONLY SAID I'D TAKE THE MONEY

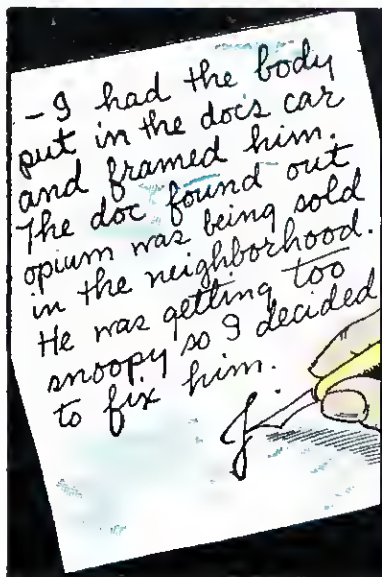


YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! OWWW! LET GO OF ME!

OKAY, THEN WRITE OUT A CONFESSION



" - I KILLED JOE MIGUEL BECAUSE HE WANTED MORE THAN HIS CUT. HE WAS TRYING TO GET BOSSY AROUND THE MOB. THEN --- "



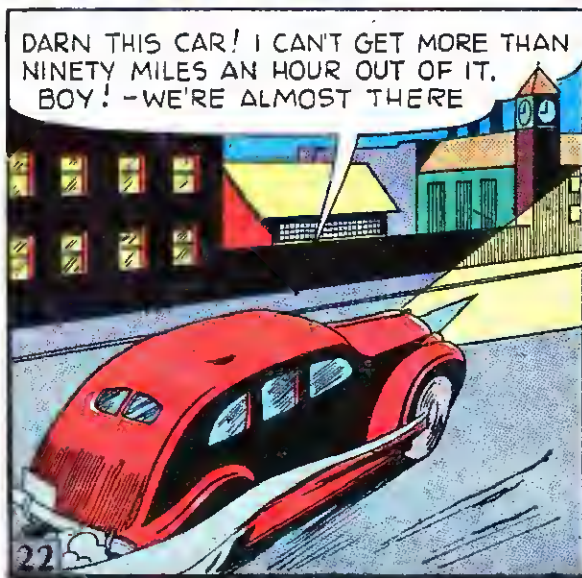
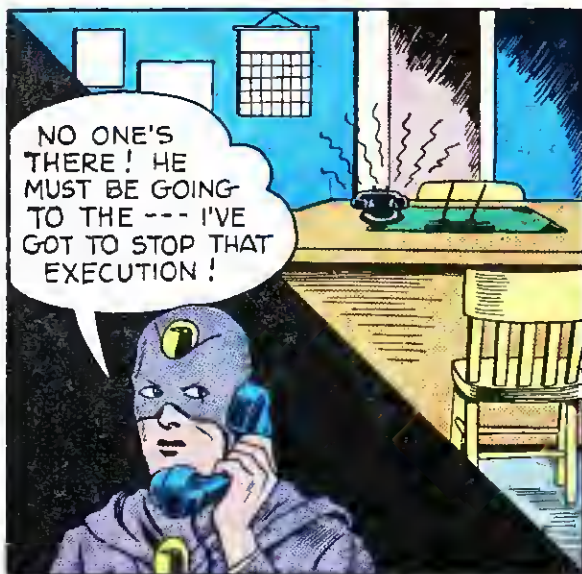
- I had the body put in the doc's car and framed him. The doc found out the opium was being sold in the neighborhood. He was getting too snooty so I decided to fix him.

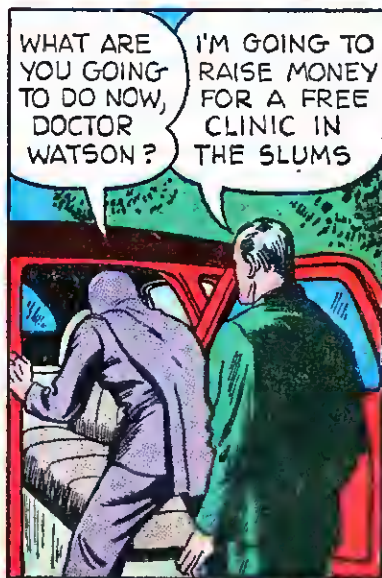
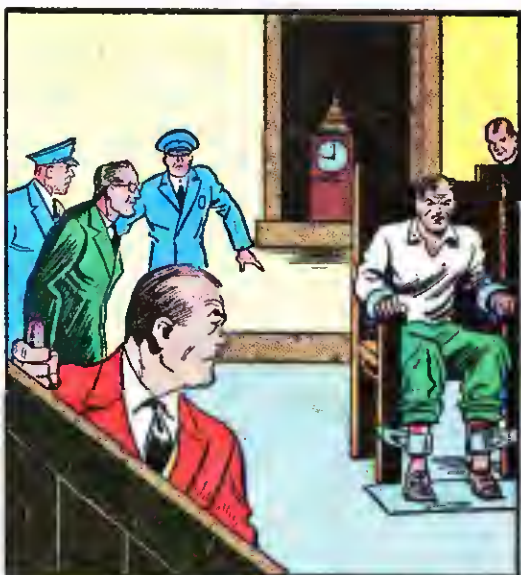
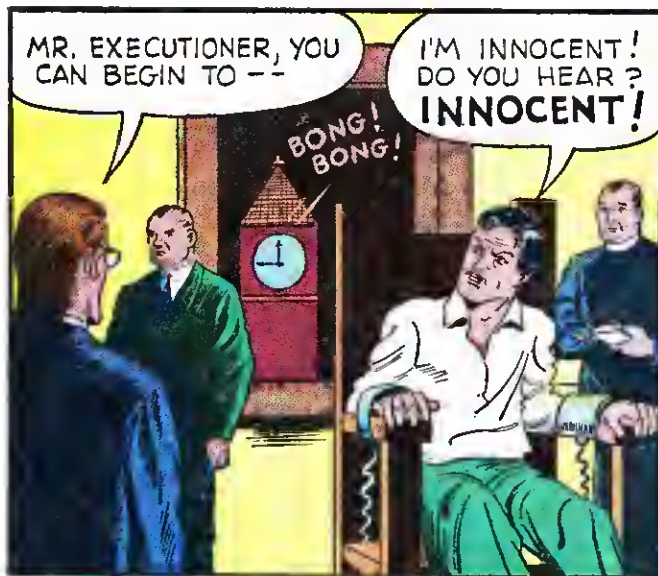


AND YOU NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH IT, YOU SLIMY CROOK!



COME ON, RAT. IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK. I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE TO THE PRISON



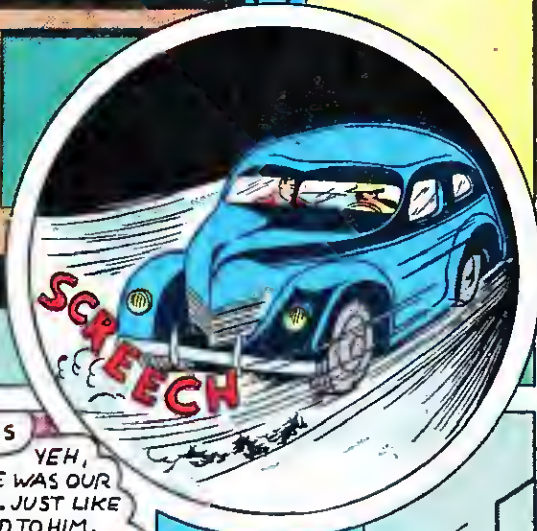


MORE ADVENTURES OF THE RAVEN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHTNING COMICS

DOCTOR NEMESIS



YOUNG DR. BRADLEY, HAS DISCOVERED A TRUTH SERUM WHICH WHEN INJECTED INTO A PERSON PUTS THEM INTO A COMA DURING WHICH PERIOD THEY ANSWER THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH TO ANY QUESTION ASKED ... BRADLEY HAS KEPT HIS DISCOVERY A SECRET AND USES IT ONLY WHEN HE GOES FORTH AS THAT MYSTERIOUS CRIME BUSTER DOCTOR NEMESIS!



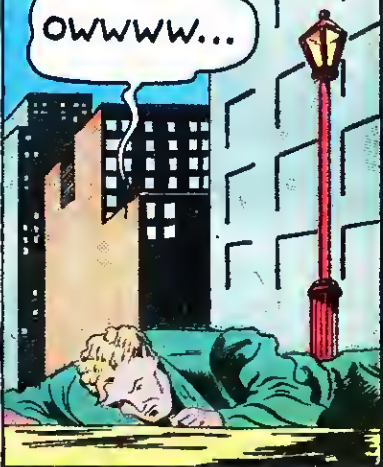
LET'S GO, HE HAS HAD ENOUGH

YOU SAID IT THE ANGELS ARE PROBABLY KEEPING HIM COMPANY BY NOW...

HA, HA, THIS SURE IS EASY MONEY...

YEH, HE WAS OUR FRIEND. JUST LIKE YOU SAID TO HIM. YOU'RE OUR PAL JIM. THAT'S WHY WE'RE GONNA GET YOU AN INSURANCE POLICY..

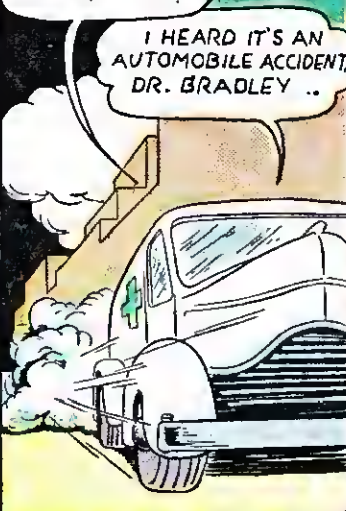
OWWWW...



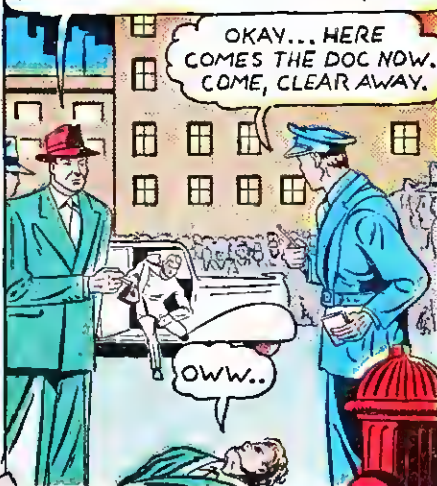
IN MERCY HOSPITAL, DR. JIM BRADLEY ALIAS - DR. NEMESIS, IS SUDDENLY SUMMONED TO AMBULANCE DUTY.....



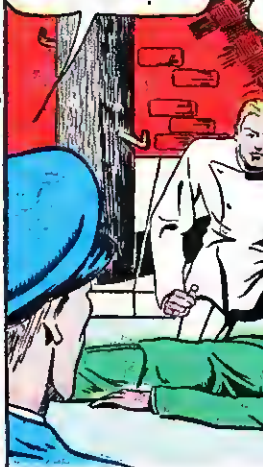
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, STEVE?



I WAS WALKING BY, OFFICER, AND SAW HIM LYING THERE. THAT'S ALL THE INFORMATION I CAN GIVE YOU, SIR..



NO ONE SAW HOW IT HAPPENED. BUT WE FIGURED HE WAS RUN OVER



INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

EASY FELLOW. I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU



IF HE'S GOING TO SAY SOMETHING I'D BETTER MAKE SURE IT'S THE TRUTH. I'LL GIVE HIM A SHOT OF THE TRUTH SERUM.



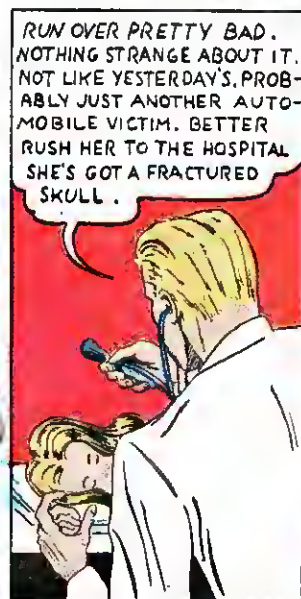
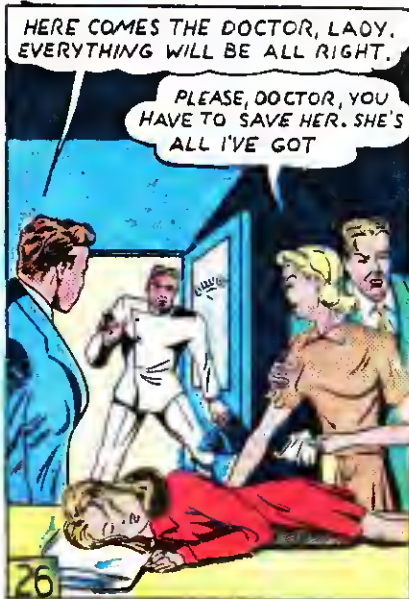
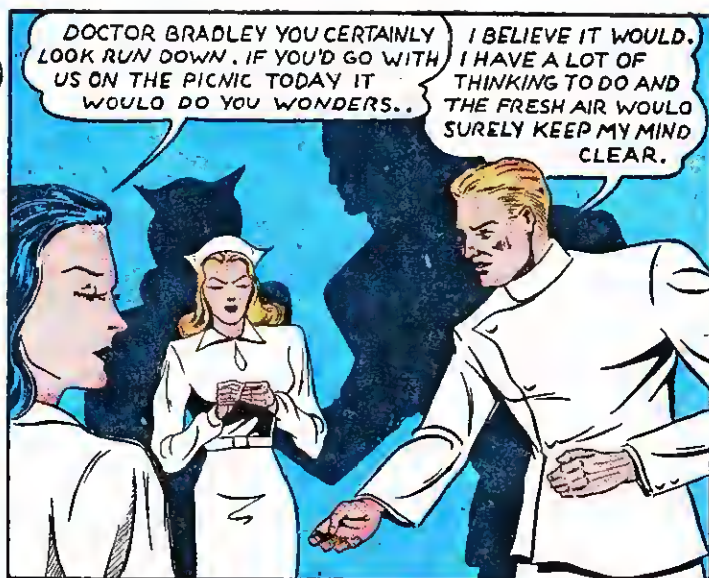
THE TRUTH SERUM IS INJECTED INTO THE DYING MAN. AND -

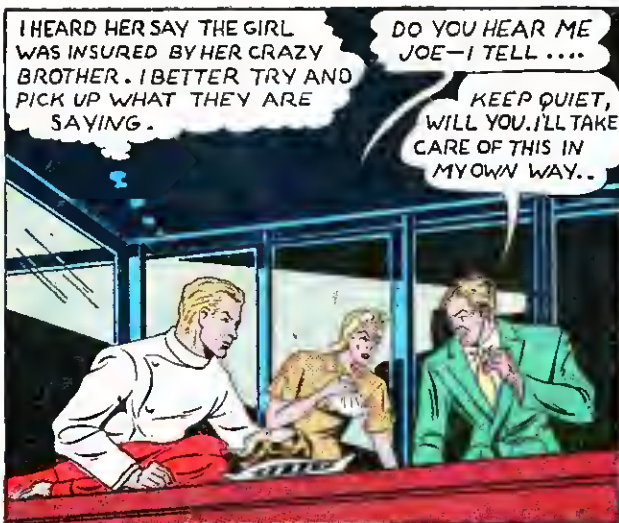
THEY INSURED ME. THEY WERE FRIENDS... LIVE NEAR ME AT CLUB..



25

BUT HE DIES BEFORE HE CAN NAME THE MURDERER.





I HEARD HER SAY THE GIRL WAS INSURED BY HER CRAZY BROTHER. I BETTER TRY AND PICK UP WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

DO YOU HEAR ME JOE—I TELL

KEEP QUIET, WILL YOU. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS IN MY OWN WAY..



YOU GOTTA SAVE HER, DOC. SHE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS. SHE'S A LITTLE ANGEL.

I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN. WE CAN ONLY HOPE ..



I'M GLAD YOU ARE GOING TO OPERATE ON HER, DR. FOWLER. THE POOR KID DESERVES A BREAK.

WELL THESE FRACTURED SKULLS ARE PRETTY TICKLISH.

OPERATING ROOM



OPERATING ROOM



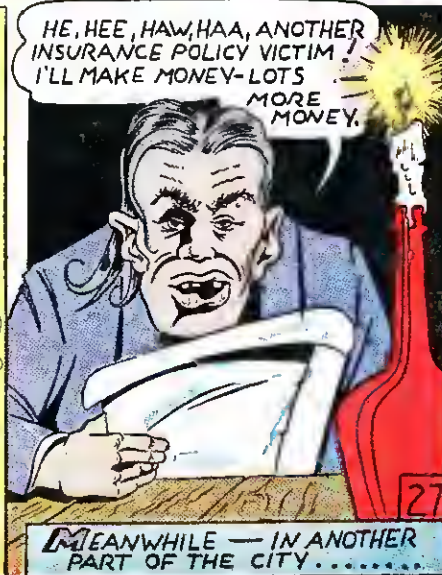
DOCTOR, LITTLE ANGEL. SHE'S—



I'M SORRY...YOUR LITTLE GIRL ... SHE'S...

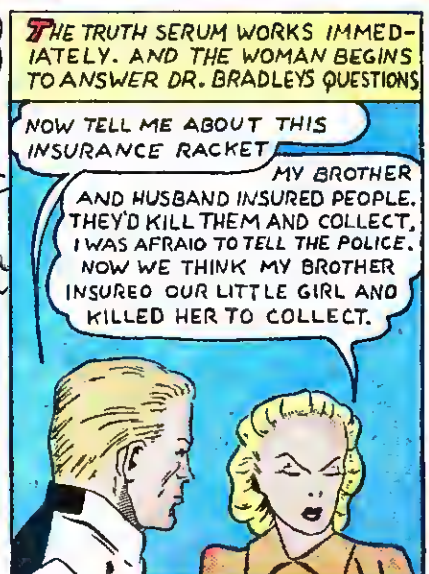
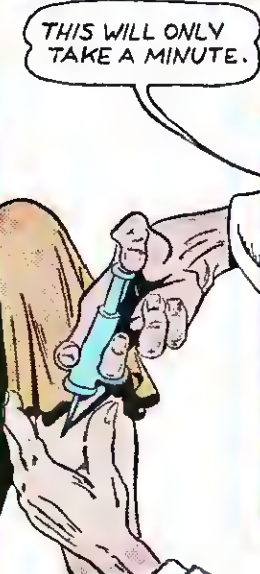
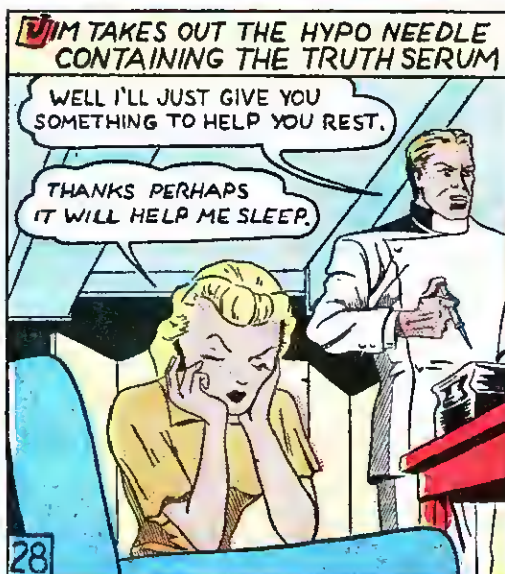
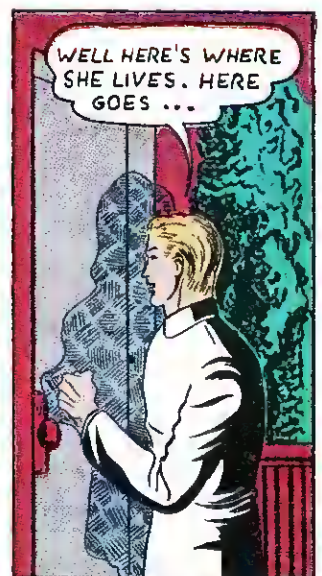
DEAD!

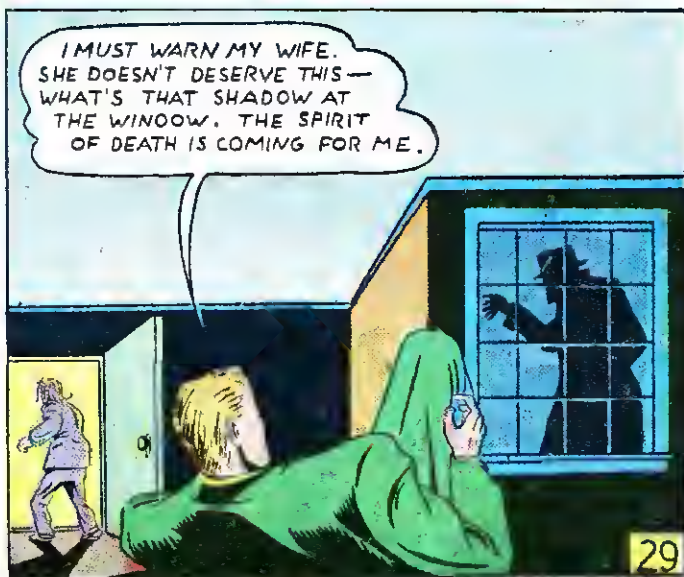
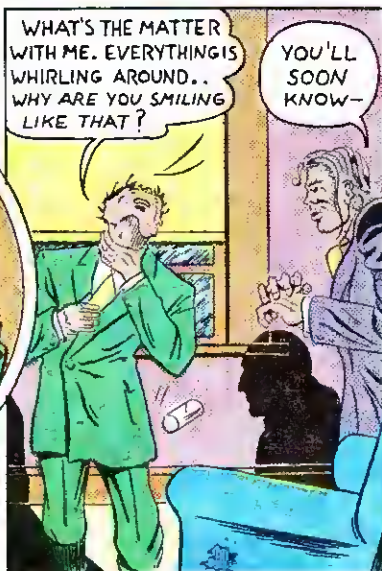
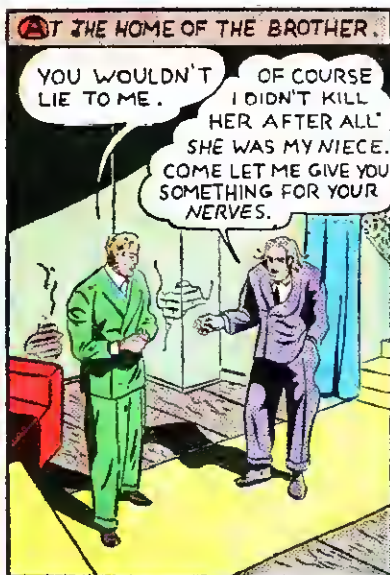
AHHHHH..

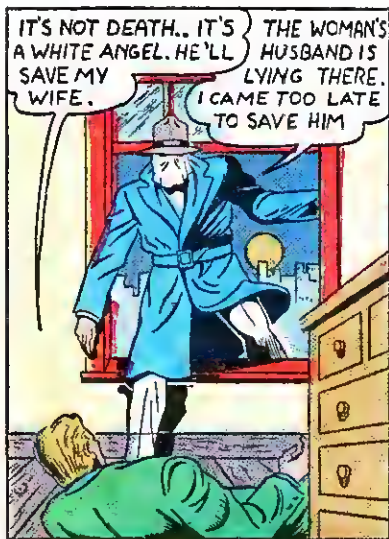


HE, HEE, HAW, HAA, ANOTHER INSURANCE POLICY VICTIM! I'LL MAKE MONEY—LOTS MORE MONEY.

MEANWHILE — IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY.....

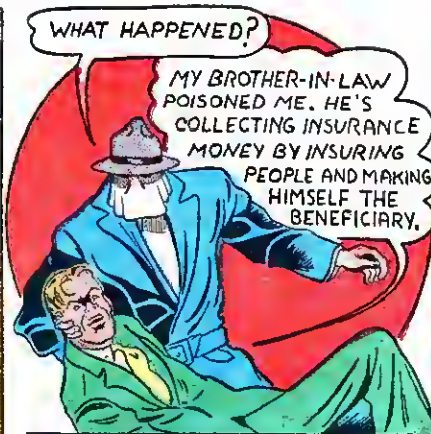






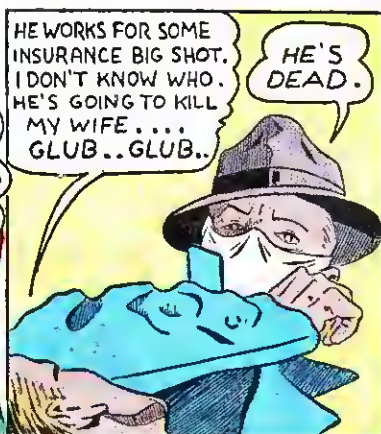
IT'S NOT DEATH.. IT'S A WHITE ANGEL. HE'LL SAVE MY WIFE.

THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND IS LYING THERE. I CAME TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM



WHAT HAPPENED?

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW POISONED ME. HE'S COLLECTING INSURANCE MONEY BY INSURING PEOPLE AND MAKING HIMSELF THE BENEFICIARY.

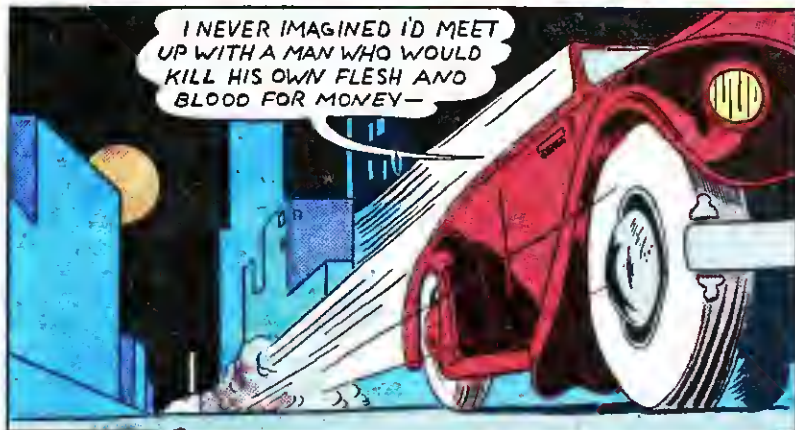


HE WORKS FOR SOME INSURANCE BIG SHOT. I DON'T KNOW WHO. HE'S GOING TO KILL MY WIFE.... GLUB.. GLUB..

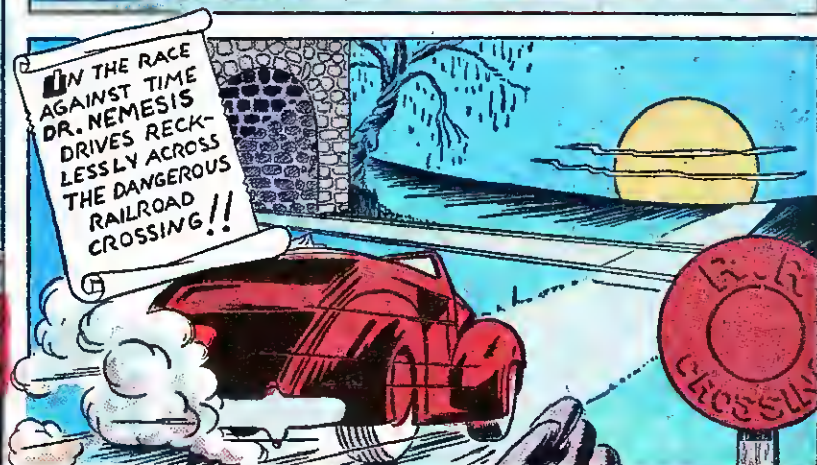
HE'S DEAD..



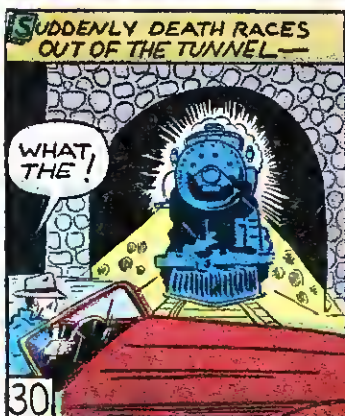
I BETTER NOT COME TOO LATE AGAIN. THIS TIME JUSTICE MUST WIN.



I NEVER IMAGINED I'D MEET UP WITH A MAN WHO WOULD KILL HIS OWN FLESH AND BLOOD FOR MONEY—

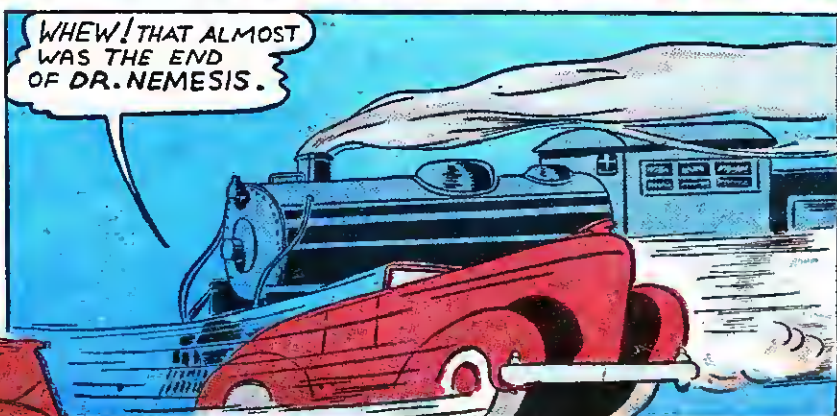


ON THE RACE AGAINST TIME DR. NEMESIS DRIVES RECKLESSLY ACROSS THE DANGEROUS RAILROAD CROSSING!!

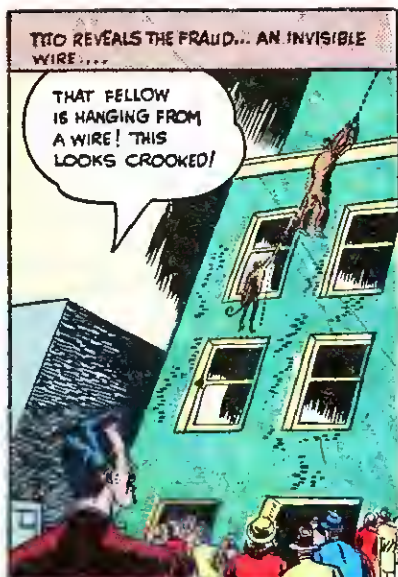


SUDDENLY DEATH RACES OUT OF THE TUNNEL—

WHAT THE!



WHEW! THAT ALMOST WAS THE END OF DR. NEMESIS.



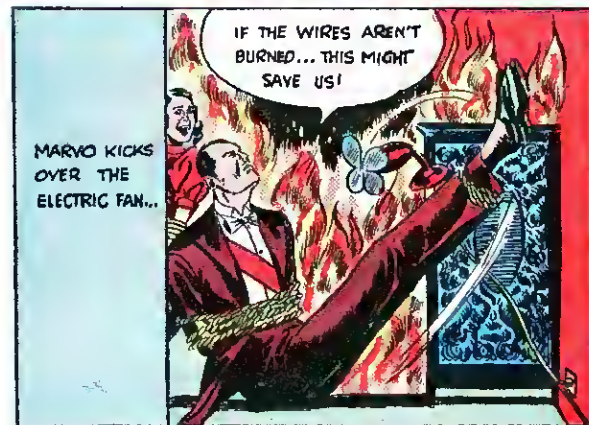
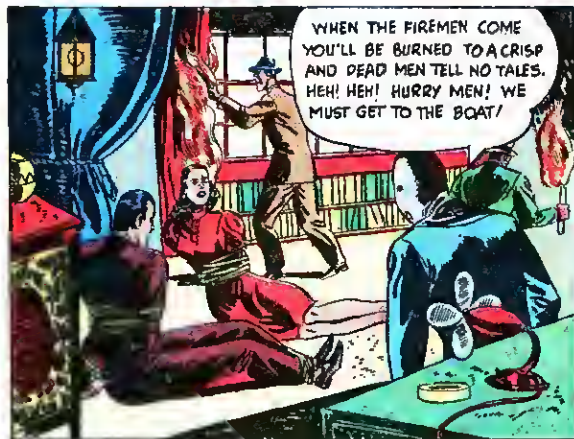


THE CROOKS DISAPPEAR IN A PENTHOUSE ON THE ROOF...

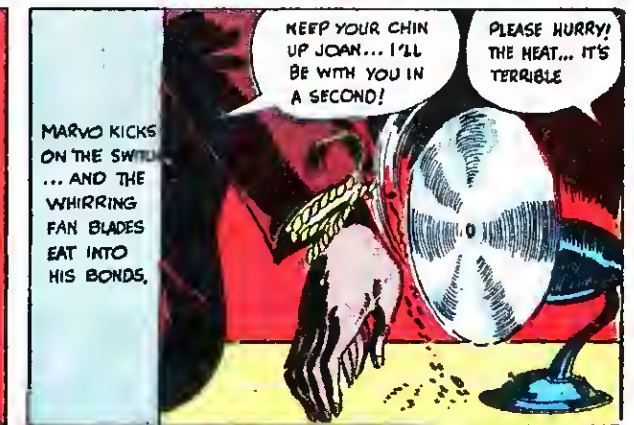




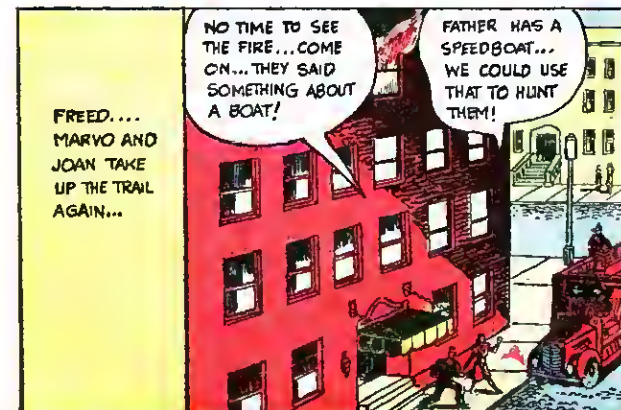
TITO IS OFF
ON A JOY
RIDE
BUT WHERE?



MARVO KICKS
OVER THE
ELECTRIC FAN...

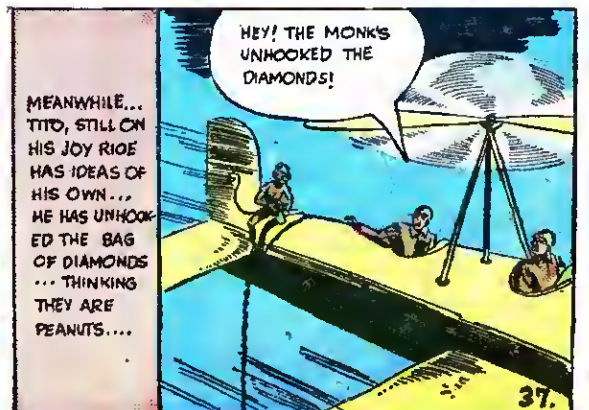


MARVO KICKS
ON THE SWITCH
... AND THE
WHIRRING
FAN BLADES
EAT INTO HIS BONDS.

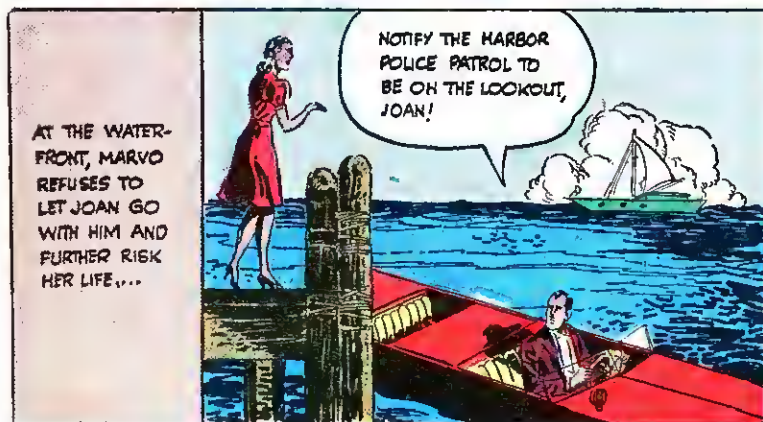
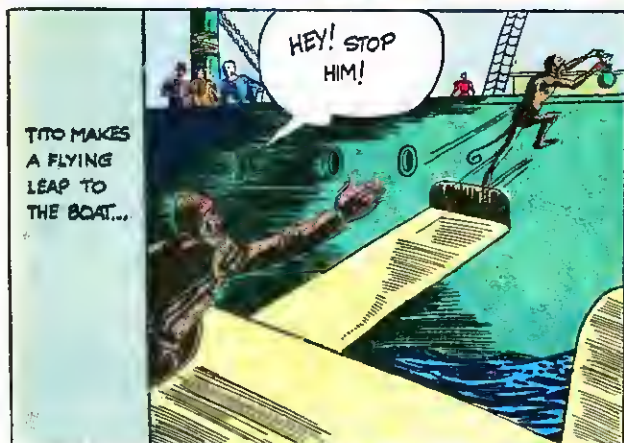
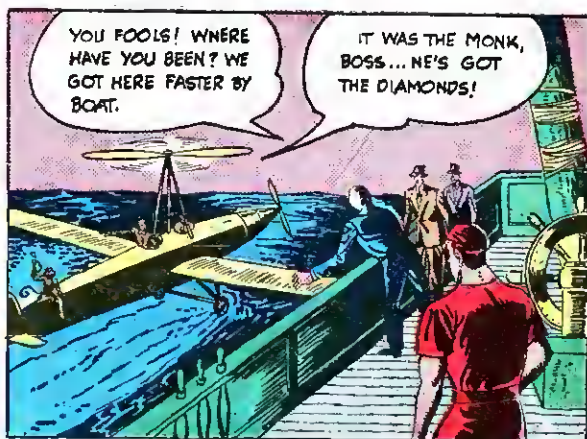
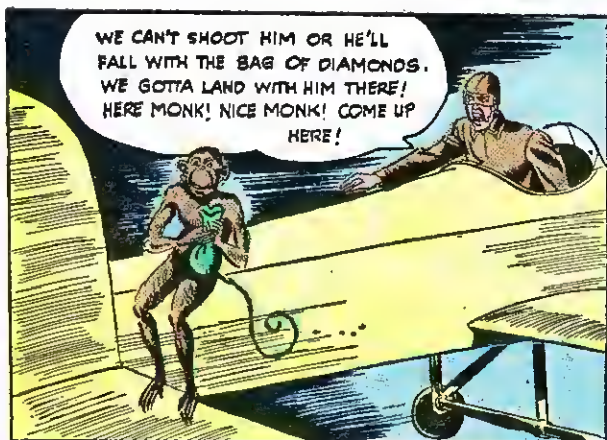


FREED....
MARVO AND
JOAN TAKE
UP THE TRAIL
AGAIN...

FATHER HAS A
SPEEDBOAT...
WE COULD USE
THAT TO HUNT
THEM!



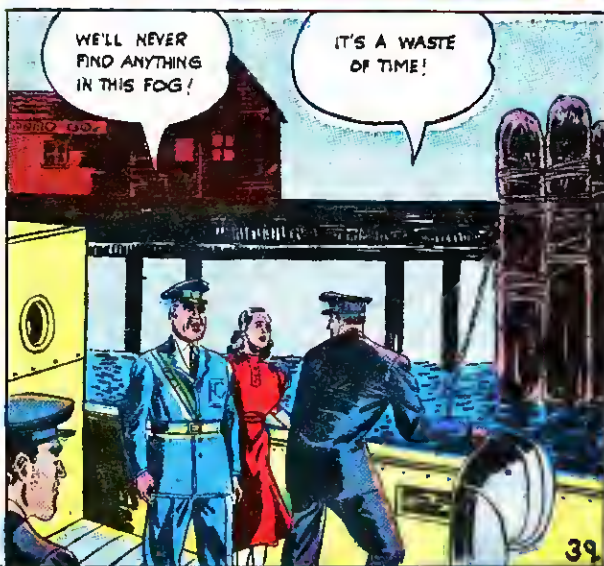
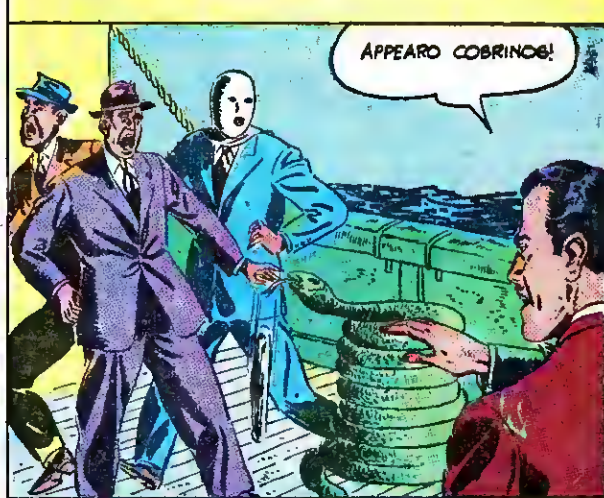
MEANWHILE...
TITO, STILL ON
HIS JOY RIDE
HAS IDEAS OF
HIS OWN...
HE HAS UNHOOKED
THE BAG OF
DIAMONDS...
THINKING
THEY ARE
PEANUTS....

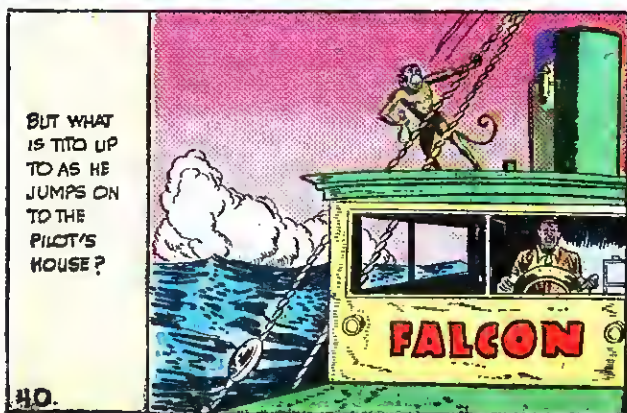
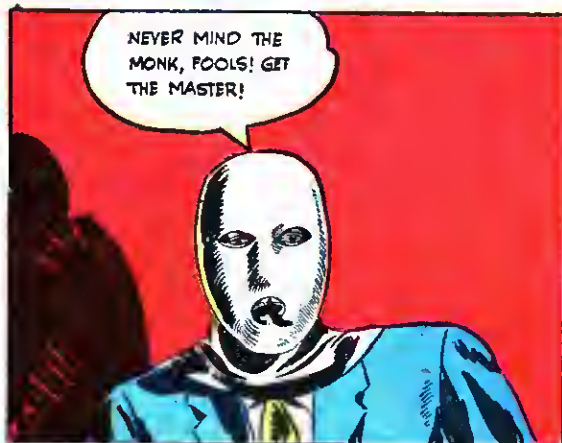
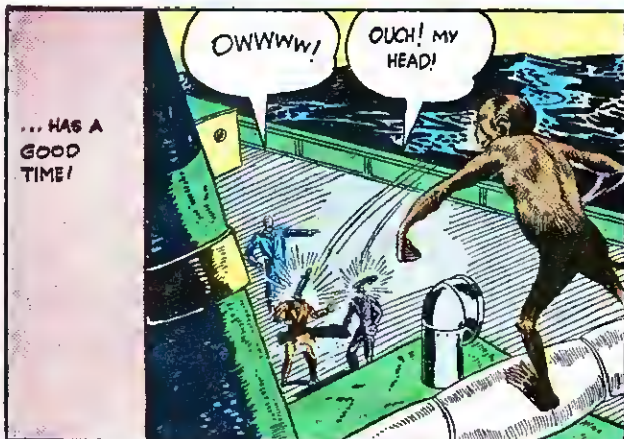
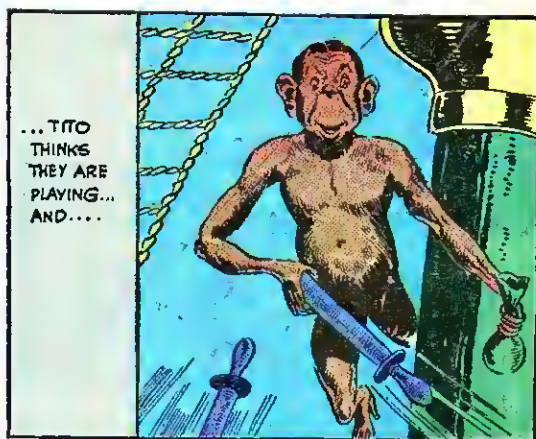
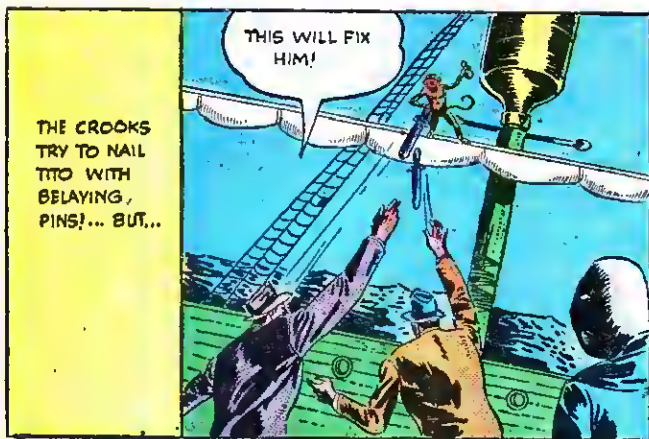


MARVO IS SPOTTED BY THE THUGS...



MARVO CREATES THE ILLUSION OF A POISONOUS COBRA!



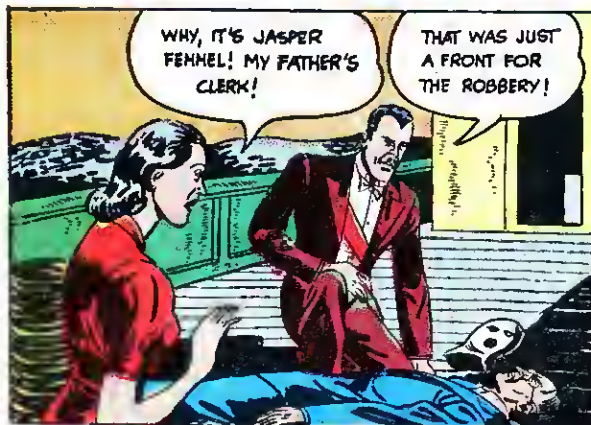




AS THE POLICE BOARD THE BOAT, A TERRIFIC FIGHT IS STARTED WITH THE THUGS...



MARVO TAKES CARE OF THE LEADER HIMSELF...



CONGO JACK



MARK SCHNEIDER

SUDDENLY...
LOOK, BWANA...
A STRANGE
WHITE MAN!

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM!
HE NEEDS
HELP!

HERE...
DRINK THIS!

NOW TELL ME WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

WELL, FIRST OF
ALL..... MY NAME
IS MIKE FARRELL!



"YESTERDAY I MET A SMALL BAND OF NATIVE PRIESTS WHO SAID THEY WERE DRIVEN FROM THE VALLEY OF VANGO..."

BUT WHY WERE YOU EXILED FROM THE VALLEY?

BECAUSE WE REFUSED TO PERMIT HUMAN SACRIFICE TO OUR GOD VANGO!



"THIS NATIVE PRIEST TOLD ME ABOUT AN IDOL OF THE GOD VANGO, WITH TWO RARE BLUE DIAMONDS FOR EYES!"

WE FEAR THAT RAU IS DEFYING THE IDOL! IF WE COULD ONLY HAVE THE IDOL, WE WOULD PROTECT IT!

I WOULD LIKE TO HELP YOU. WILL YOU LEAD ME TO THE VALLEY?



"WHEN WE REACHED THE VALLEY, THE PRIESTS REFUSED TO ENTER WITH ME!"

IF ANYONE STEALS THE IDOL, HE WILL BE CURSED WITH INSTANT DEATH! WE CAN GO NO FARTHER WITH YOU!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL GO ALONE! I'LL GET YOUR IDOL FOR YOU!



"BUT I BECAME LOST, WANDERED AWAY FROM THE VALLEY, AND..."



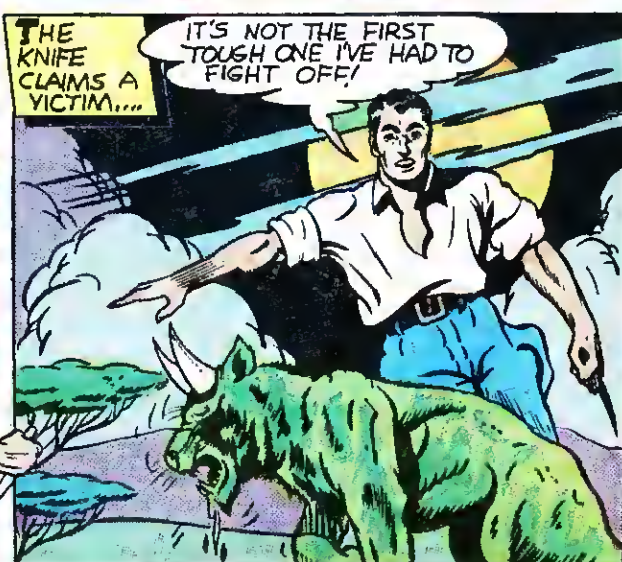
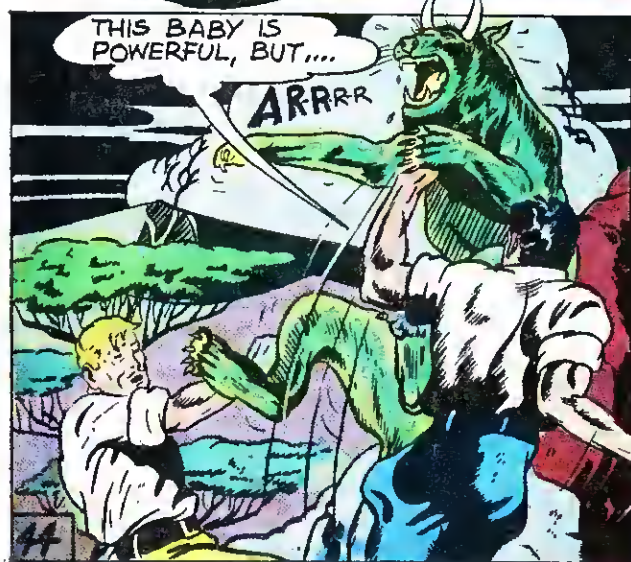
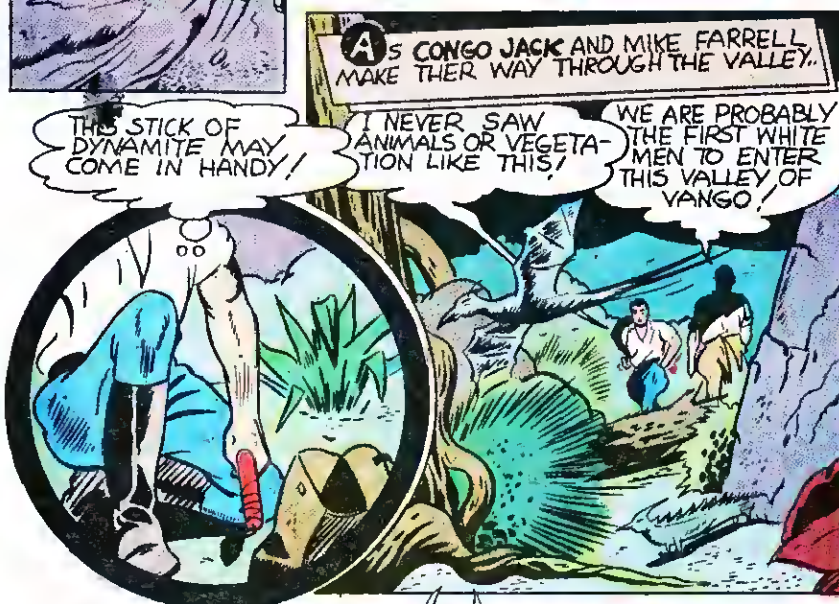
WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST... YOU FOUND ME!

RIGHT! BUT, SAY... I HAVE AN IDEA!



AND SO CONGO JACK'S NATIVE BAND HEADS FOR THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY OF VANGO







BUT FURTIVE EYES ARE WATCHING THE TWO WHITE MEN!



SUDDENLY, THE FIERCE SAVAGES ATTACK!



I STILL THINK THE FISTS ARE MIGHTY HANDY WEAPONS!



BUT THE GALLANT FIGHTERS ARE FORCED TO YIELD FINALLY TO SUPERIOR NUMBERS!



THE EXILED PRIESTS WILL NEVER GET THE IDOL OF VANGO... YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD HELP THEM, EH?



THE BULL-FURNACE HAS NOT EATEN A HUMAN SACRIFICE IN MANY DAYS! YOU BOTH DIE!

PLEASANT THOUGHT, EH, MIKE?

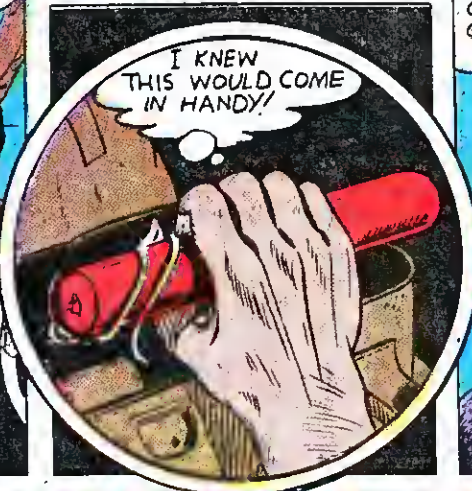
HUH...?

CONGO JACK AND FARREL ARE LED TO A NEARBY CLEARING, WHERE THEY SEE...

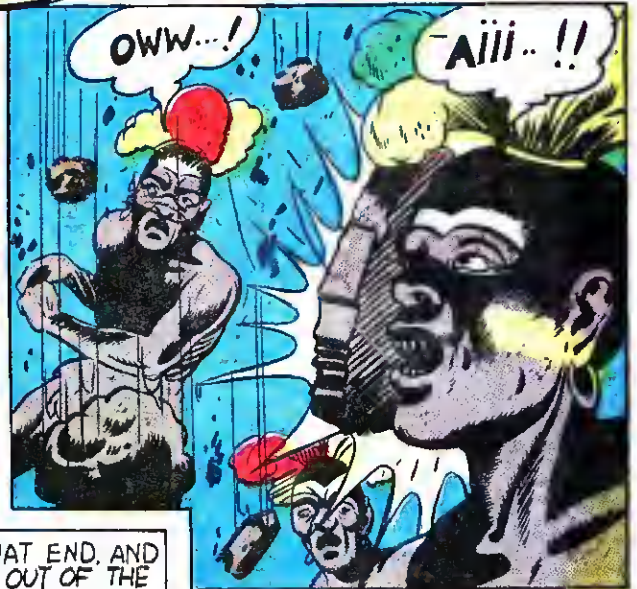




CONGO JACK REACHES INTO HIS KIT FOR THE STICK OF DYNAMITE



...AND HURLS IT INTO THE BLAZING FURNACE!



YOU HOLD UP THAT END, AND WE'LL CARRY IT OUT OF THE VALLEY!

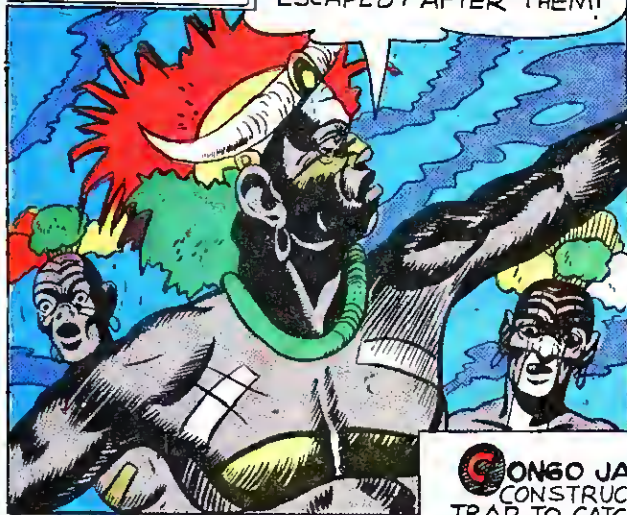


THE TWO MEN CARRY THEIR STRANGE BURDEN THROUGH THE VALLEY!



MEANWHILE.....

WHITE DEVILS HAVE
ESCAPED / AFTER THEM!



THEY HAVE STOLEN
THE IDOL OF VANGO!
KILL THEM! SLAY!



CONGO JACK QUICKLY
CONSTRUCTS A TRIGGER-
TRAP TO CATCH THE LEADER
OF THE APPROACHING
SAVAGES!



LISTEN...
WHAT'S THAT!

RAU, AND HIS
SAVAGES ARE
AFTER US
AGAIN!



NOW TO HIDE
AND WATCH THE
SHOW!

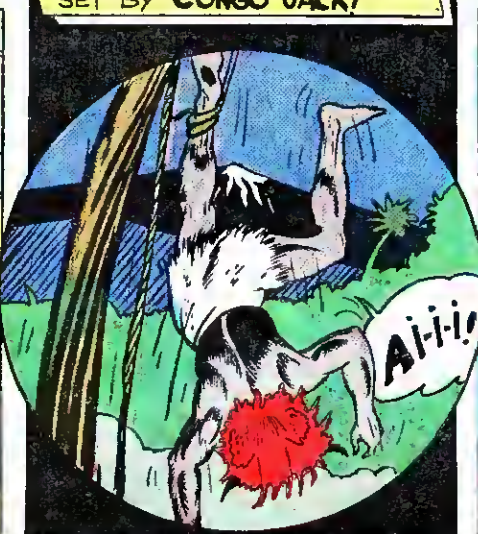
I HOPE
IT WORKS!



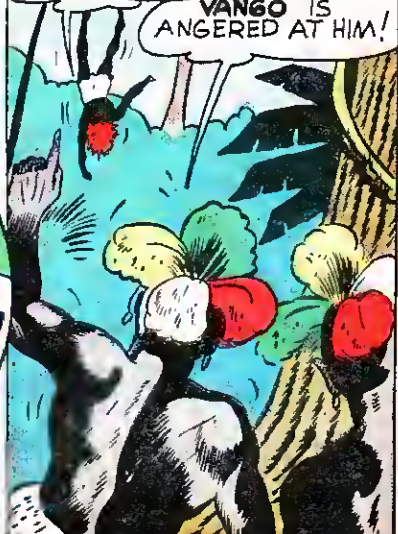
AT THAT MOMENT, THE
EVIL RAU DASHES INTO
VIEW AND....



HE IS CAUGHT BY THE
CLEVER TRIGGER-TRAP
SET BY CONGO JACK!



HELP!...
LET ME DOWN! RAU IS BE-
ING PUNISHED.
VANGO IS
ANGERED AT HIM!

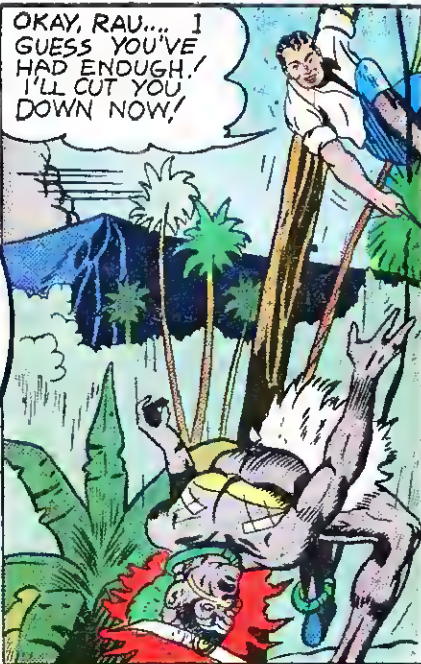


WITHOUT FEAR, CONGO JACK CONFRONTS THE STARTLED NATIVES!

SEE.....RAU IS EVIL AND VANGO PUNISHES HIM

THE WHITE ONE IS RIGHT! RAU HAS DISPLEASED VANGO WITH HIS HUMAN SACRIFICES!

OKAY, RAU.... I GUESS YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'LL CUT YOU DOWN NOW!



GO, EVIL RAU....WE EXILE YOU FROM THE VALLEY OF VANGO!

THE INCENSED NATIVES DRIVE THE EVIL RAU FROM THE VALLEY!!

KEEP YOUR IDOL! WE SHALL TELL THE EXILED PRIESTS TO RETURN TO THE VALLEY!

THE WHITE STRANGER IS GOOD! WE SHALL AWAIT THE RETURN OF OUR PRIESTS!



CONGO JACK AND FARRELL BRING THE NEWS TO THE EXILED PRIESTS!

.....AND RAU HAS BEEN DRIVEN AWAY! YOUR PEOPLE AWAIT YOUR RETURN!

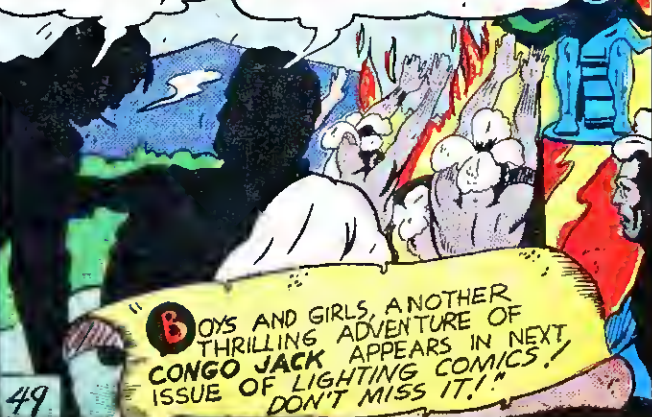
WE WOULD BE HAPPY IF YOU RETURN WITH US...AS OUR HONORED GUESTS!



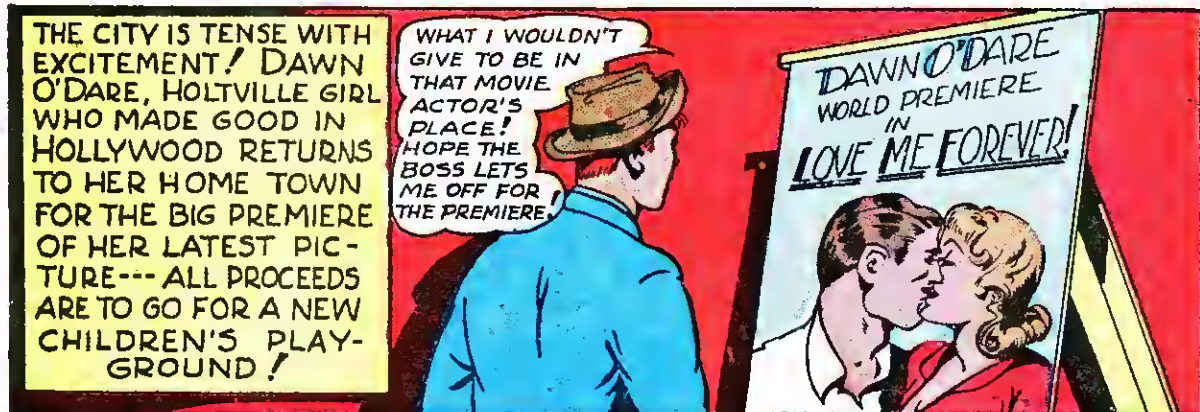
CONGO JACK AND FARRELL WATCH THE STRANGE RITUAL OF WORSHIP TO THE "IDOL OF VANGO!"

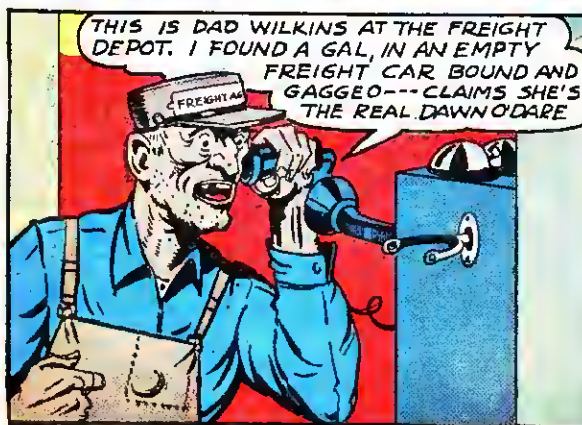
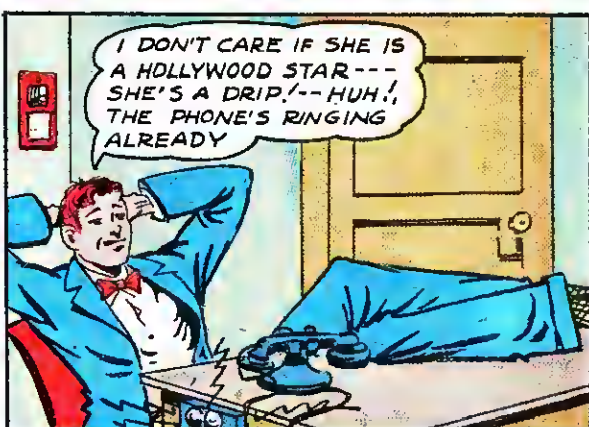
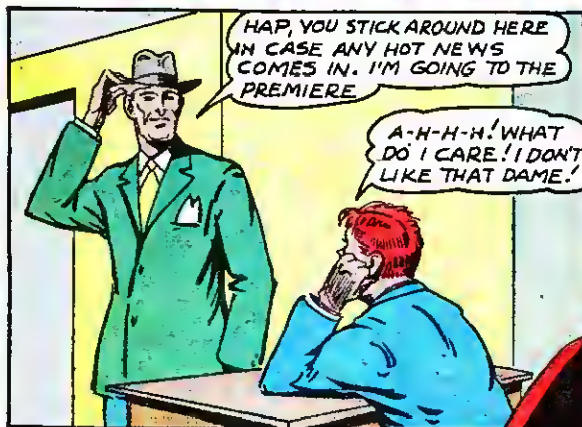
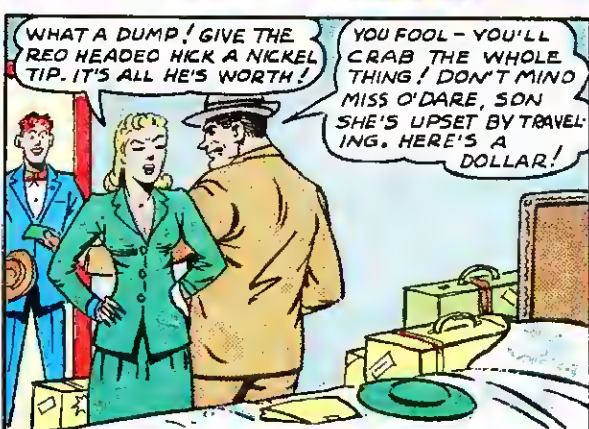
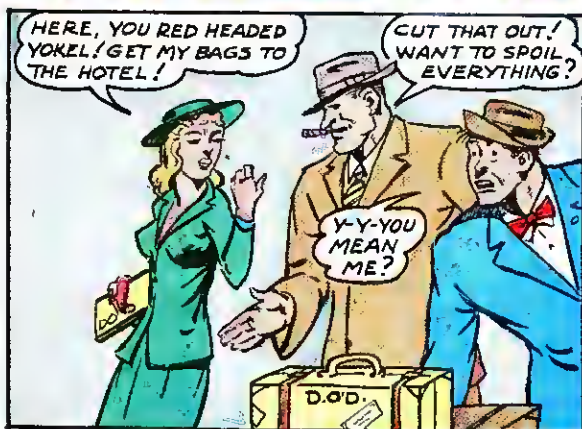
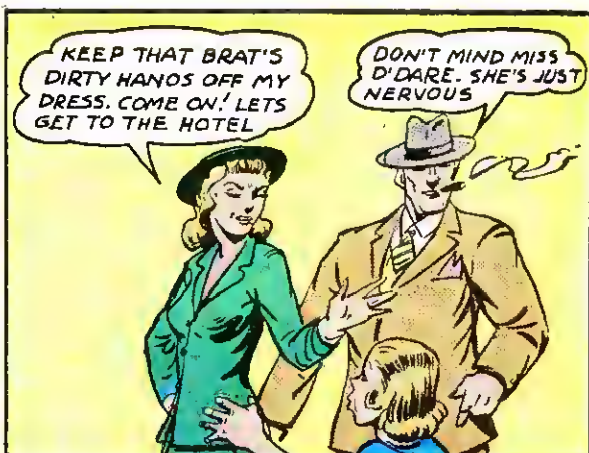
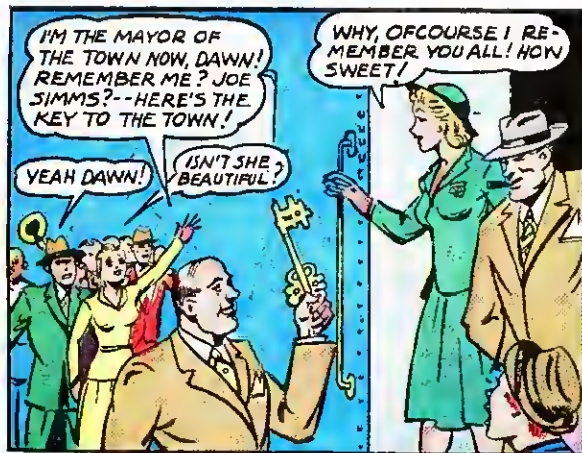
LOOK HOW HAPPY THEY ARE WITH THEIR PRIESTS BACK AGAIN!

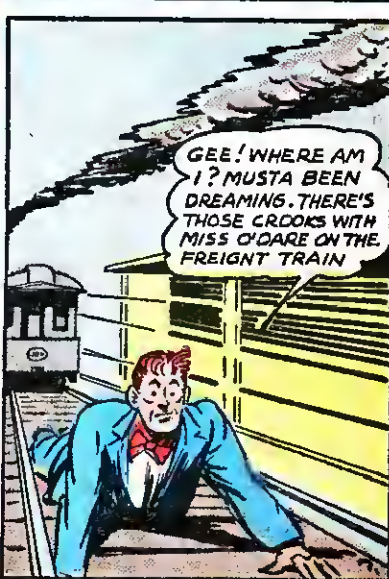
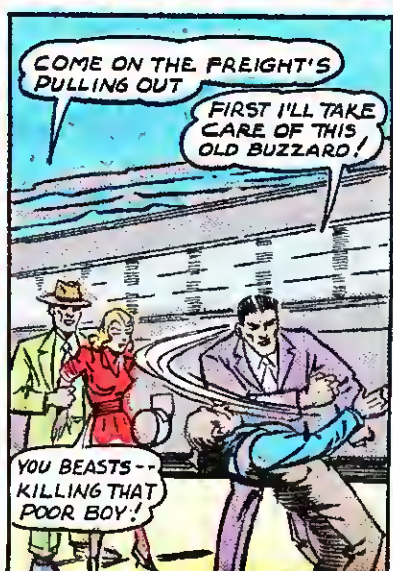
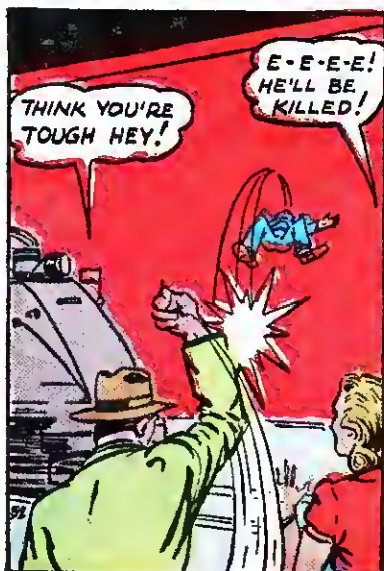
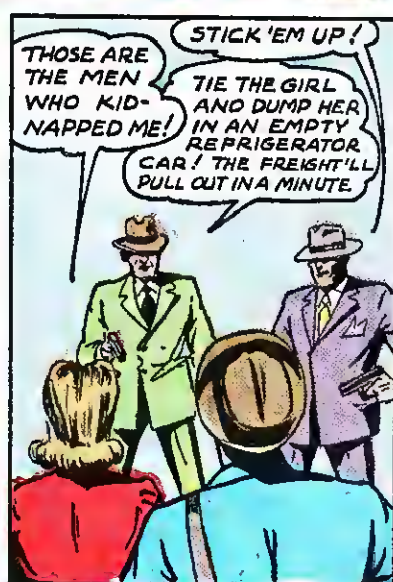
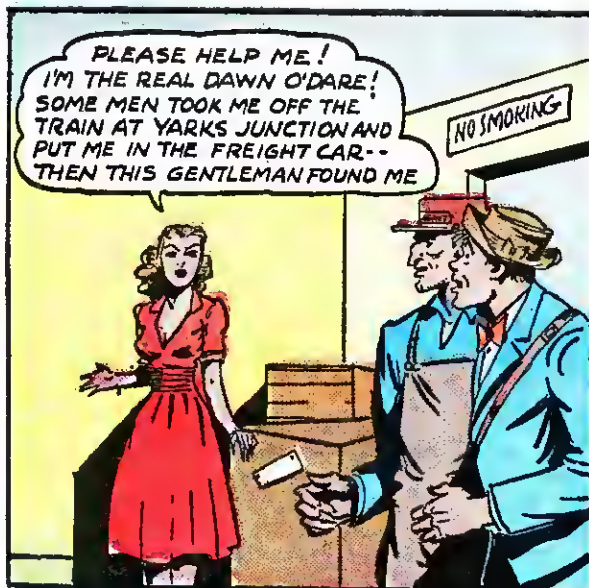
I GUESS THERE'LL BE NO MORE HUMAN SACRIFICES AROUND HERE, EH MIKE?

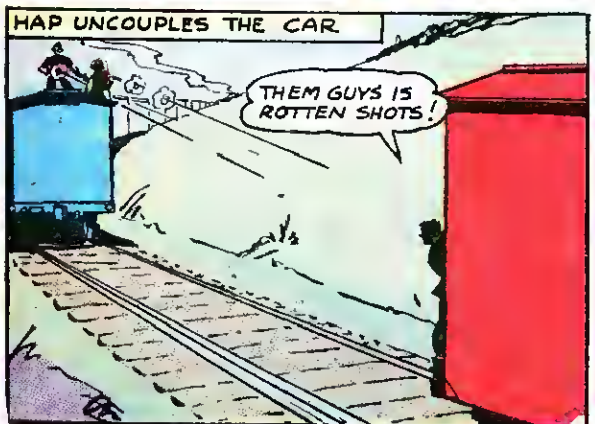
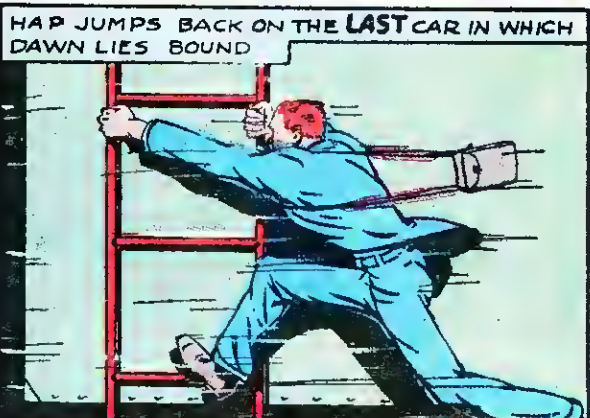
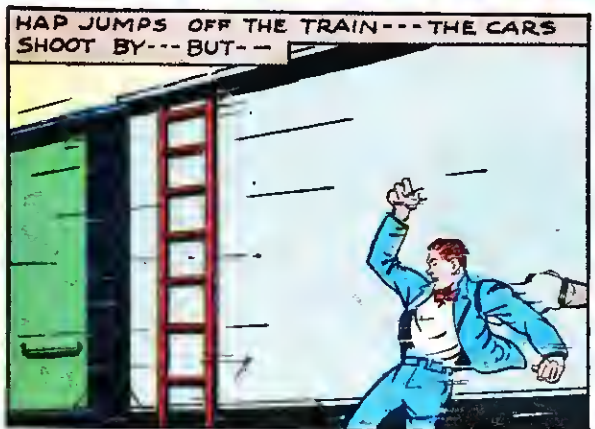
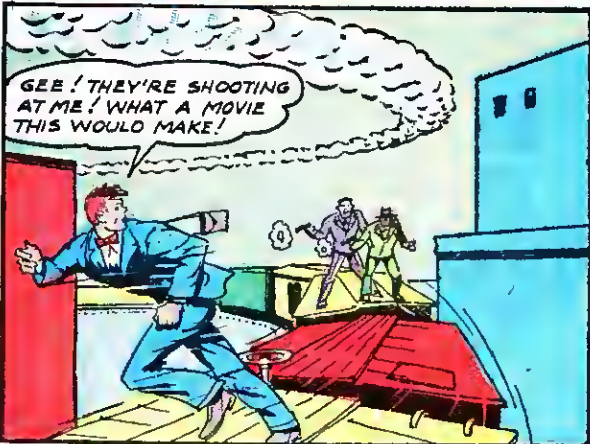
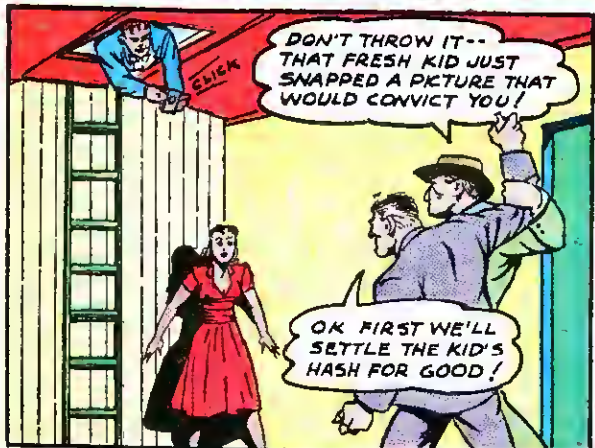
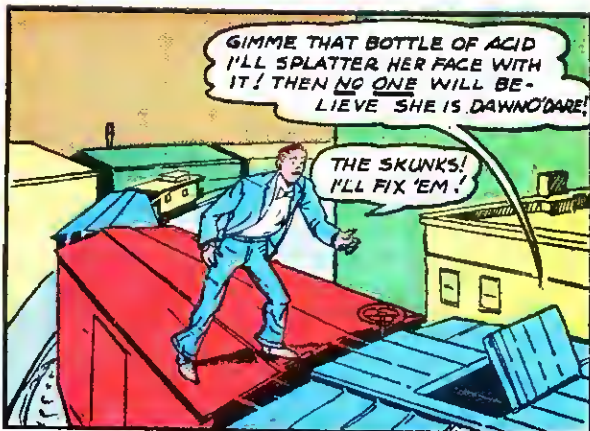
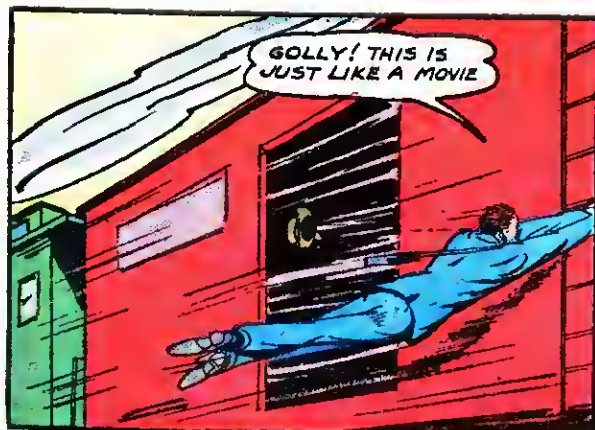


BOYS AND GIRLS, ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF CONGO JACK APPEARS IN NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHTING COMICS! DON'T MISS IT!

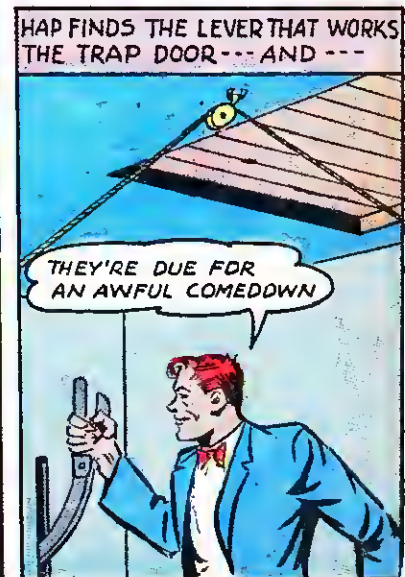
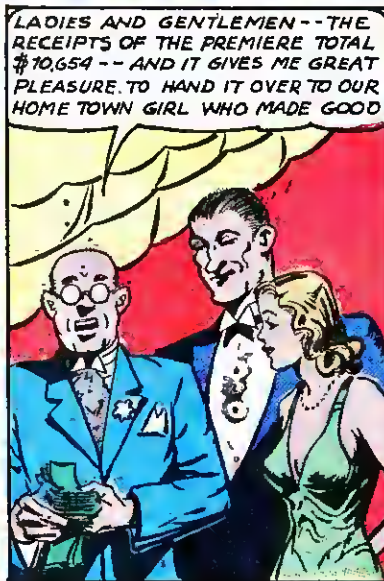
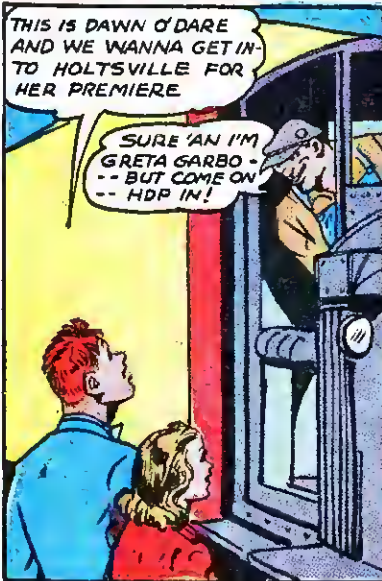
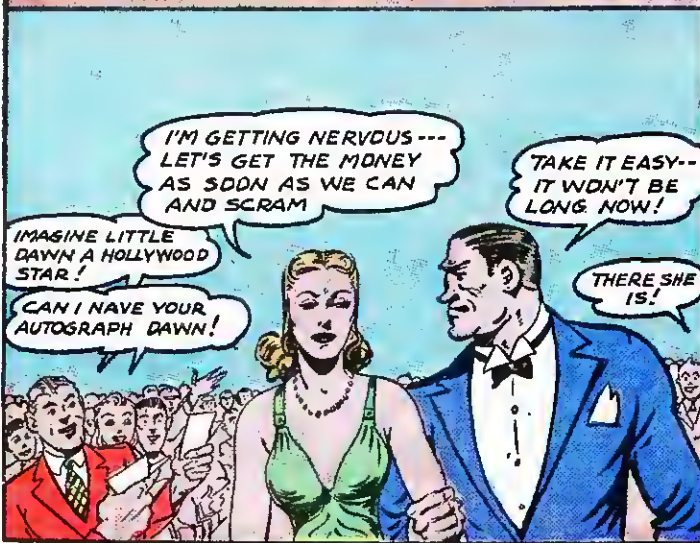


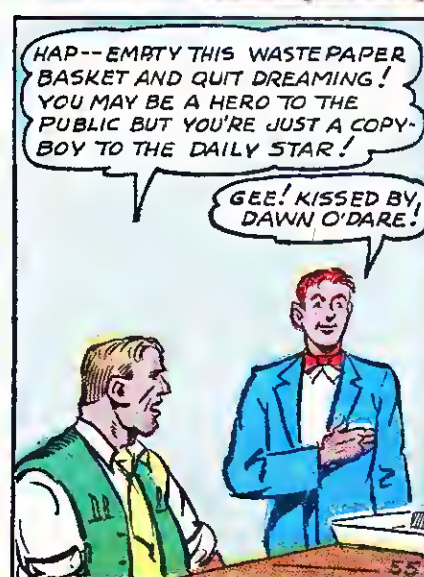
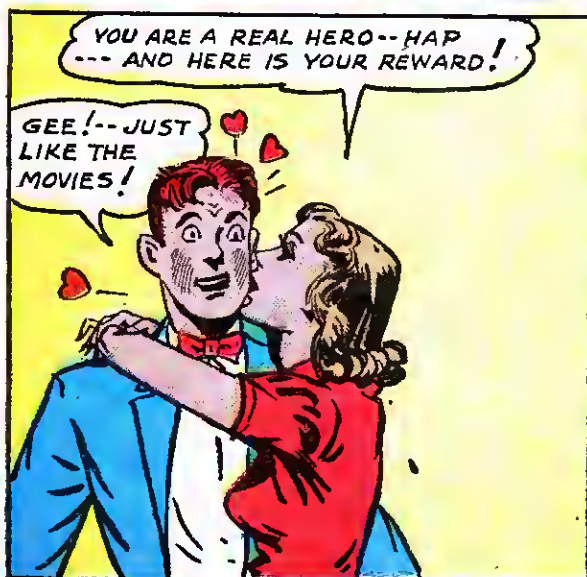
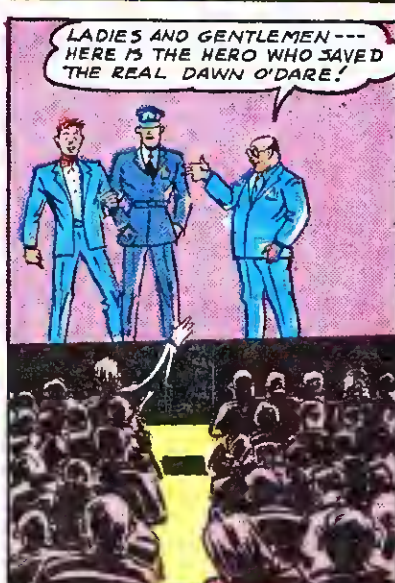
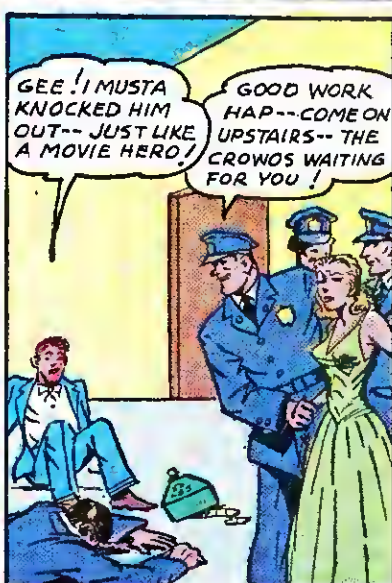
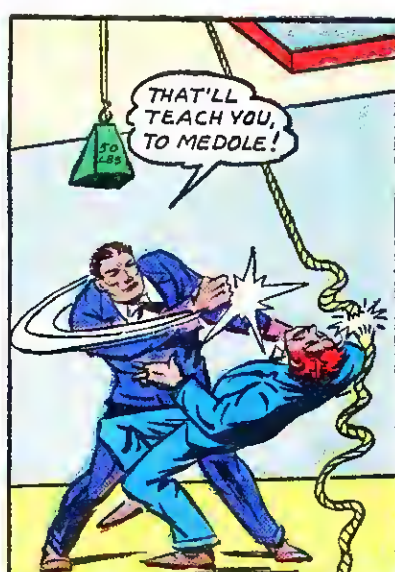






MEANWHILE AT THE PREMIERE OF "LOVE ME FOREVER".





DON'T MISS HAP'S NEXT ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHTNING COMICS

The Lobo

By Cliff

THE brassy Arizona sun gleamed on the steel handcuffs that manacled the small, lean man's wrists. It made deep, black shadows within his empty holsters. Time and again he turned his thin, gaunt face to glance anxiously back over the surging hips of his sorrel, as if to catch a glimpse of his pursuers in the hazy, wavering distance of cholla and cacti-studded plain.

Before him, and within a mile, rose the brushy carpeted foothills. Deep, sharp-sided gullies slotted twistingly into them. Within their bewildering maze a posse could make a fruitless search for days.

As the sorrel clattered into the quiet coolness of the ravine, the lean rider's furtive eyes darted right and left. Pinon pine and mountain cedar blocked his searching gaze. A mountain jay fluttered past his shoulder, caused him to jerk his head in that direction. Every clash of the sorrel's hoofs on the stony bed of the coulee seemed to jar him into more rigid tenseness, to sharpen his wariness.

Clattering around a sharp bend in the gully, the small man suddenly brought the sorrel to an abrupt halt. To the right, and about fifty yards ahead, stood a rock hut. With its single, glassless window and heavy, closed door, it stood compact and lonely in a rather large clearing a hundred feet up the slope. A dozen steps to one side of it was a wooden bucket in a tiny, grassy pocket from which a sun-silvered trickle of water corkscrewed down the slope among the rocks.

The rider shot a quick, anxious glance over his shoulder, as if he had caught sounds of pursuit down the gully. Then his cunning eyes narrowed contemplatively on the bucket and the spring beside it.

The thin fugitive shrugged his shoulders, tickled the sorrel with his gut-hooks, rode up the slope. Dismounting beside the spring, he knelt beside the grass-girdled pocket of cool water and thrust both hands into it above the wrists.

The thick door of the hut stirred, opened an inch. The creak of it caused the lean man hunkered above the spring to stiffen, tighten his thin lips.

"Stay as yuh are, or I'll kill you!"

The hunched figure at the spring froze into statuesque immobility. His manacled wrists remained in the cool water. His furtive eyes seemed fascinated with the bubbling spring, remained fixed, unblinking.

"Mebby I'll kill yuh anyway!"

THE voice of the figure standing spraddle-legged in the open doorway was similar to his sinister appearance — coarse, rough, vicious. Tiny, glittering eyes stabbed out from cavernous sockets on either side of a flat, broken nose. Sunlight put stripes of fire into his bright, red hair, glinted on the heavy Colt clutched in his thick, knob-knuckled fist.

The thin fugitive at the spring remained like a statue carved from granite. Not a muscle twitched as the occupant of the hut crunched across the gravelly dooryard and towered above his stooped figure.

"I ain't likin' strange hombres to wash their dirty paws in my spring!" growled the one with the gun. "Who in hell do yuh figure yuh are, anyway?"

The lean one with his wrists in the water twisted his head, peered appealingly into the hard, vicious features above him. Then he lifted his hands from the spring, held them out explanatorily. The sun flashed down on the steel that bound them.

"I'm Pin-Wrist Garret," he replied meekly. "I didn't figure anybody bunked here. Saw this water an' jes' had to have it to get these damn irons off."

The moment Garret stood up, the gun in the other's fist was rammed into his ribs, shoved him back a step. The red-haired one's tiny, piercing eyes glued to the handcuffs, the empty holsters on the lean thighs.

"Don't try to git funny with Jack Smith!" he snapped. "This cocky yarn about gittin' handcuffs off with water—think I believe that? What do yuh really want?"

Pin-Wrist Garret seemed to cringe back. "Jes' like I said, Smith. Some cold water to git these wristbands off. I've done it more than once." He shot a worried glance along his back trail leading out of the gully. "But I guess I ain't got time now. I only had a couple of spare minutes. You used them all up. I gotta push along now until I c'n find another spot—more private. That posse is too close!"

A cunning, reluctant expression dawned in Smith's features. "Wait a minute, Garret!" he barked. "Git in that hut! I'll bring up a bucket of water. Now move!"

Garret instantly hesitated, glancing sharply at Smith. "An' then lock me in, eh?" he chortled, some of his meekness gone. "Bounty hunter, eh? I don't know you, Smith. I'll take my chances along the trail—if I got any."

Smith gave him a vicious shove toward the rock hut and tilted his gun. "Ever hear of Pete Morgan? He's the killin'est an' smartest outlaw that ever hit these hills. Never gits caught, an' there ain't a lawman in five hundred miles with guts enough to hunt him down. He spraddles 'em all out full of lead! Wal, Garret, Pete Morgan's a friend of mine, see? Sometimes when he's on the duck, he stops in my place here for a breather."

Still the frown of concern didn't leave Pin-Wrist's lean face. "How do I know that ain't a stall? An' what about the law bunch tailin' me right now? Even if I could be sure of you, that ain't stoppin' 'em!"

Smith kept his gun level, then dipped the bucket into the spring with his free hand, brought it up brimming full.

"Never mind them," he replied. "This place is like a fort, an' I'll keep my eyes peeled while yuh work. But you're gonna show me how water shucks wrist irons, or I'll blow yuh apart an' turn yuh over to your posse friends! 'Cause if it c'n be done, I'm passin' on the dope to Pete Morgan, my friend."

Garret's eyes pleaded, his lean face writhed with entreaty. "But, hell, Smith, one man can't hold off

Locksmith

Howe

that sheriff an' his men! Let me git movin'!"

Jack Smith sneered contemptuously. "Stop mouthin', yuh jelly-spined rat! I'll take care of any law hombres that try to bother yuh — that is, if yuh can git them irons off like yuh said." And Smith laughed.

THE interior of the hut was poorly lighted and as badly furnished. Setting the bucket down in front of Garret, Smith's glance went to the fugitive's empty holsters, then to the shackled wrists. Approval shone in his eyes.

"Git workin', Garret!"

Pin-Wrist Garret gulped, then stuck his hands into the cool water. For five minutes he kept them there, explaining in a faltering voice:

"Cold water thins the—the blood, shrivels your hands kinda like. That's only p-part of it. Yuh gotta know how to work the knuckles of your fingers, too. Jes' watchin' me will—will only give yuh an idea how it's done, 'cause it's better — better to have 'em on to understand the bone part. Only I won't have time to show yuh that, Smith." Garret suddenly broke off, shot a terrified glance toward the open door. "What was that?"

Smith gave a scornful laugh. "You're as jumpy as popcorn! Didn't hear a thing m'self!"

Garret gave a sigh of relief, pulled his wet wrists from the bucket of cold water. Then carefully, and ever so painstakingly, he worked the steel band on his left wrist over the back of his hand until it reached the knuckles of his fingers and thumb. At this point, he folded his thumb into his palm. Then with his other hand, he crushed together the knuckles of his fingers at the same time forcing the band over them. Likewise, he freed his other hand.

"Cripes — Pete Morgan can sure use an idea like that!" Smith gasped.

Garret smiled wanly, then stood up. Stuffing the handcuffs into his pocket, he rubbed his wrists and headed for the door.

"Wouldn't mind tyin' up with this gent yuh call Pete Morgan," he said, admiration threading his voice. "Him an' me 'oughta be able to do pretty good together. But hell, I never git around to meetin' the right hombres. Besides, I got to be hittin' out of here pronto. That posse—"

Smith's eyes were glowing, as he caught Garret, by the arm. "Listen, Garret, I might be able to fix it with—with Morgan, yuh know. That little trick of yours with those cuffs would do it, I think. But I'd have to know exactly how to work it, see — I mean the bone part."

Garret frowned and pulled away. "Sorry, Smith, but the hombres in that posse that's huntin' me ain't gonna be waitin' elsewhere fer me to finish makin' demonstrations. I'm rid'n!"

"The hell yuh are!" growled Smith, yanking him back into the room. "You're showin' me, or I'll slap yuh all over these rock walls!"

Mollified, Garret cast a wistful glance toward the open door. Then pulling the wrist irons from his pocket, he threw them at Smith.

"You win," he groaned. "Put them on, then, an' I'll show yuh."

Smith caught them, stared blankly at Garret. "They're still closed, locked. I can't git 'em on this way, yuh damn fool!"

"I forgot. Give 'em back. I've picked more than one lock with a horseshoe nail."

As Garret took the long nail from his vest pocket, Smith's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Say, if yuh can pick that lock, why in hell didn't yuh do that in the first place instead of soakin' yuhr wrists?"

Garret sniffed contemptuously. "How could I? When your wrists are only two inches apart it's impossible to bend your fingers down so's to pick a lock—especially when the keyhole is on the side of the lock toward your body."

Smith scratched his head. "I hadn't thought about that. You're right."

Suddenly Garret jerked rigid, his eyes stabbing toward the open door. "I heard somethin' that time, Smith! Take a look-see, will yuh? Hell, man, if they find me—" He broke off the thought, seemed to finish it within his mind.

Smith gave him a withering, cynical sneer. Nevertheless, he walked to the door and stood for a moment scanning the gully and the stony trail winding down to the plain. When he returned, Garret tossed the handcuffs to him. They were open.

"Damn if I c'n figure how a mollicoddle like you could git in trouble," mumbled Smith as he snapped on the wrist cuffs. "Now what do I do?"

Garret pointed to the bucket of cold water on the floor. "Yuh gotta stick your hands in there. Remember what I told yuh about thinnin' the blood so's to make your hands smaller? Wal, you're pretty big, yuh know."

Obediently, Smith got to his knees, jammed his fleshy hands into the cool spring water. At the same moment his manacled wrists disappeared into the bucket, Garret calmly reached down and plucked his gun.

Smith paled, cursed. Jerking his fists from the water, he glared hotly at Garret and his own gun staring him in the face.

"What—what the hell is the idea, Garret?" he demanded, the jangling handcuffs blending with the piercing sharpness of his voice. "Put that gun back, yuh little squirt, an' finish tellin' me how to git these damn shackles off!"

"Here's how!" And Garret grinned triumphantly as he held up the key he had used instead of the nail when Smith had gone to the door. "Git up on your feet, yuh rat!"

Smith's tiny, pig eyes became ugly red with fierce rage.

"Why, damn yuh, Garret, yuh don't know who I am! I'm not Jack Smith. That was jes' a stall. I'm the gent yuh wanted to tie up with the killer who never gits caught. Why I can blast a dozen lawmen to dust with that gun any time, day or night. I'm Pete Morgan!"

Garret laughed and prodded the outlaw with his gun.

"Now isn't that jes' dandy? I'm Jeff Chambers — the new marshal of Dusty Forks!"

WHIZ WILSON

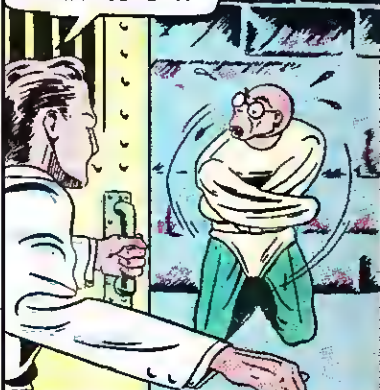
AND HIS FUTUROSCOPE



DOCTOR MALIN! THAT'S GREAT. THEY'VE CAUGHT HIM.... AT LAST WE CAN PUT THAT MADMAN AWAY BEFORE HE STARTS ANOTHER OF HIS SAVAGE PLAGUES.



YOU ASKED FOR IT DR. STONE. WE TRIED TO MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR YOU HERE AT THE INSTITUTION. BUT IF YOU INSIST UPON CONTINUING WITH YOUR MADNESS, WE'LL HAVE TO TREAT YOU AS A MADMAN. LOCKED IN A PADDED CELL...



SEVERAL MONTHS GO BY....

THEY THINK THEY'LL KEEP ME HERE. ME DR. ELIJAH STONE. THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MIND IN THE WORLD. I'LL GET OUT AND WIPE HUMANITY FROM THE EARTH AND THEN I'LL HAVE THE WORLD TO MYSELF...



A FEW NIGHTS LATER....

DR. MALIN... STONE HAS ESCAPED.. WH-WHAT.. GLORY BE..



NO MARKINGS OR EXPLANATION OF HOW HE DISAPPEARED. WHAT'S TO BE DONE? WE'LL HAVE TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST DISASTERS THAT WE DARE THINK OF. THAT MADMAN WILL HAVE NO MERCY.



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER —
IN A QUIET NEW ENGLAND TOWN...



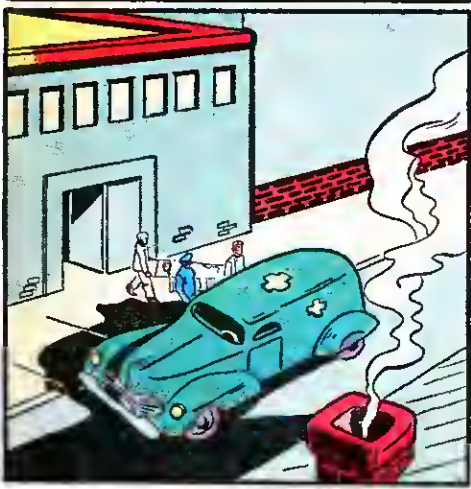
THE PEOPLE BEGIN TO FLEE. BUT THE PLAGUE STRIKES QUICKLY



AND FOLLOWS THEM ON THE ROAD.



DOCTORS AND NURSES FROM NEIGHBORING TOWNS ARE RUSHED IN TO FIGHT THE TERRIBLE PLAGUE...



THE GREAT SCIENTISTS HAVE A CONSULTATION. AND...



MAN ALIVE, I WONDER IF THIS'LL STOP IT...



SUDDENLY WHIZZ WILSON ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE FATAL CATASTROPHE...



I WANT TO VOLUNTEER MY SERVICES. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?



WELL I'D BETTER PUSH THE FUTURESCOPE AND GET TO THAT CONFERENCE AT THE MEDICAL CENTER.



WHIZZ PUSHES THE FUTURESCOPE, AND ARRIVES AT THE MEDICAL CENTER

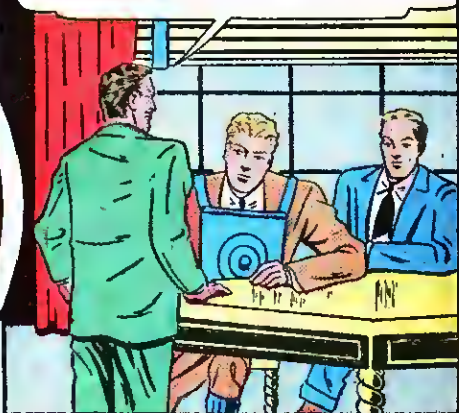
OH HELLO THERE. I DIDN'T SEE YOU LEAVE THE PLAGUE AREA WITH US.



WELL IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HELP US YOU CAN COME ALONG AND HEAR WHAT DR. MENDEZ HAS FOUND OUT. HE'S THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED THE GERM SPECIMEN.

THANKS

GENTLEMEN AFTER CAREFUL OBSERVATION I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE MALICANCROCES GERM IS CAUSING THE PLAGUE. NO CURE FOR IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. AND IF WE DON'T FIND ONE SOON, THE ENTIRE WORLD MAY BE WIPED OUT



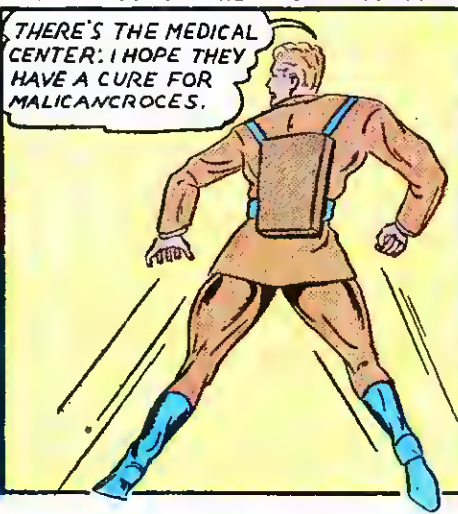
GENTLEMEN WE HAVE WORK TO DO. EVERY SECOND WASTED CAN BE COUNTED IN HUMAN LIVES.

THE CURE MAY BE HIDDEN IN THE FUTURE



WHIZZ PUSHES THE FUTURESCOPE. AND-ARRIVES IN THE LAND OF TOMORROW.

THERE'S THE MEDICAL CENTER. I HOPE THEY HAVE A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES.



DOCTOR! CAN YOU TELL ME IF A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES HAS BEEN FOUND.

I JUST HEARD DR. MORTON SPEAK OF IT THIS MORNING. HERE HE COMES NOW. I'LL ASK HIM.

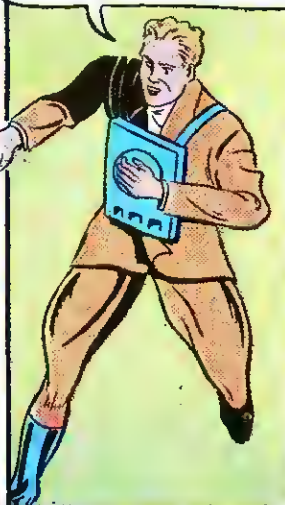


HELLO DR. MORTON. THIS YOUNG MAN IS ASKING ABOUT A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES. HAVE YOU ANY INFORMATION ABOUT IT?

YES, I RECEIVED WORD FROM THE MEDICAL CENTER AT MARS THAT A CURE FOR IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.



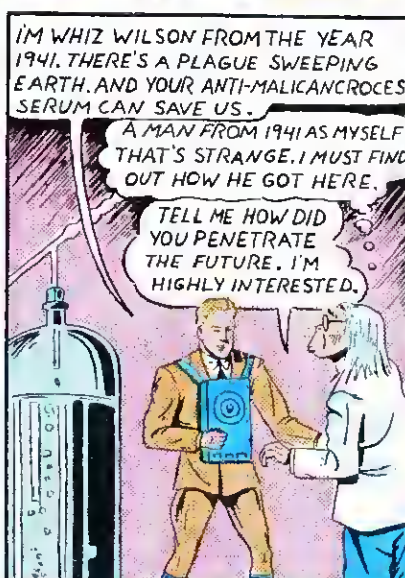
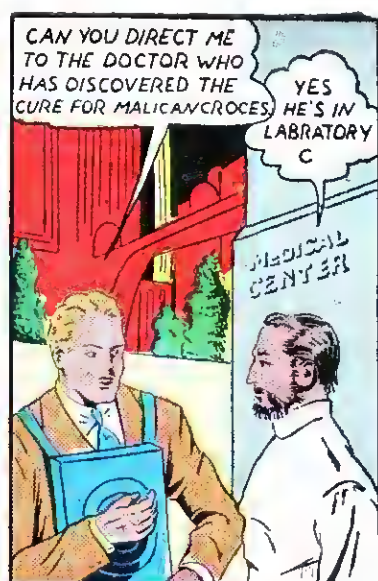
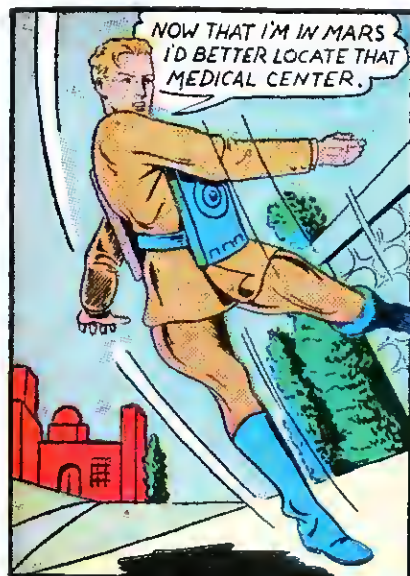
THANK YOU, THEN I HAD BETTER GET TO MARS FAST.



GOSH WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO?



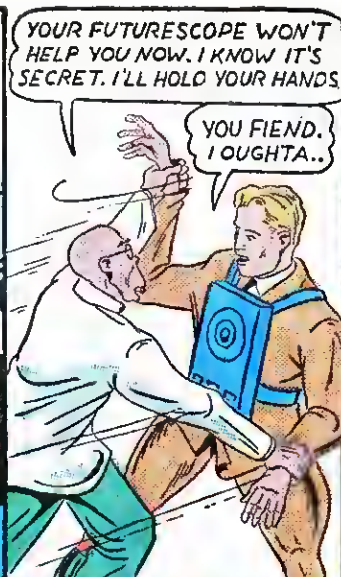
HE PUSHED THAT LITTLE GADGET AND VANISHED. WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT?





YOU... DR. STONE...
THE MAD SCIENTIST...

YES AND I'LL
BURY YOU HERE
IN THE FUTURE
WORLD WHERE I'M
RECOGNIZED FOR MY
GENIUS. CALL THE GUARD.



YOUR FUTURESCOPE WON'T
HELP YOU NOW. I KNOW IT'S
SECRET. I'LL HOLD YOUR HANDS

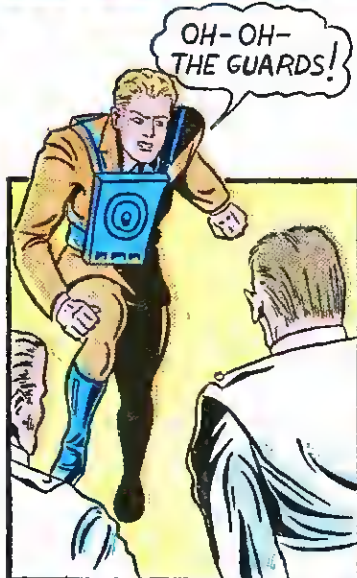
YOU FIEND.
I OUGHTA...



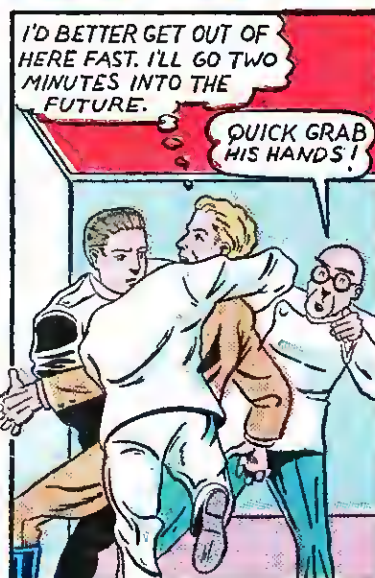
QUICK GRAB
HIS HANDS...
OWW!

HERE'S SOME-
THING OF THE
1941 STYLE.

WHY THE DOG
HIT THE DOCTOR.
KILL HIM..



OH-OH-
THE GUARDS!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF
HERE FAST. I'LL GO TWO
MINUTES INTO THE
FUTURE.

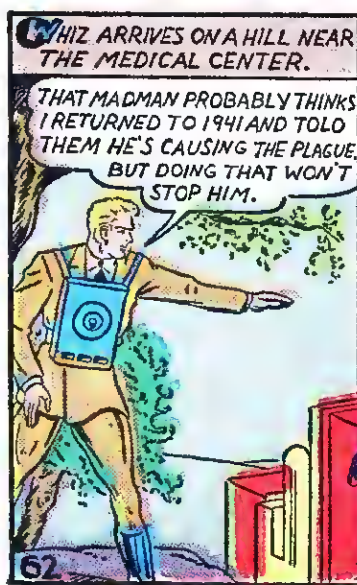
QUICK GRAB
HIS HANDS!



FOOL'S YOU LET HIM
GET AWAY..

HA LET HIM GO. HE'LL
PROBABLY GO BACK TO
1941.

WHY HE WAS IN
MY HANDS A
SECOND AGO.



WHIZ ARRIVES ON A HILL NEAR
THE MEDICAL CENTER.

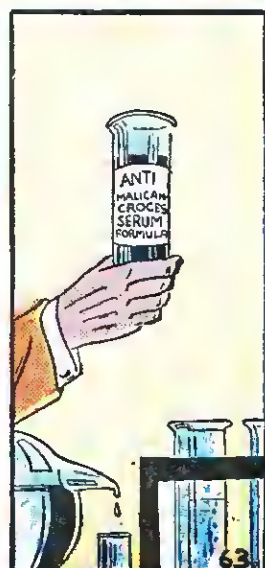
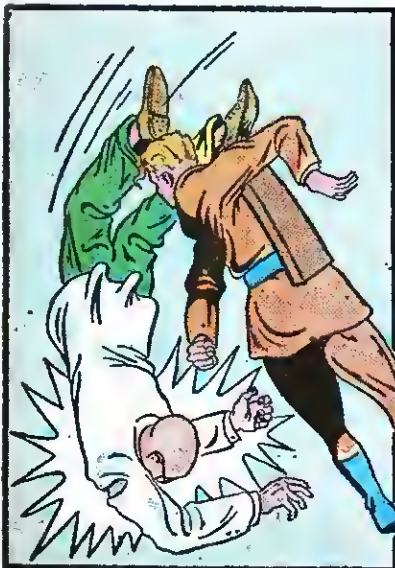
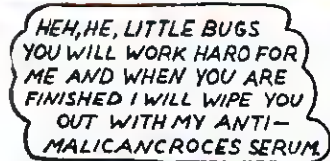
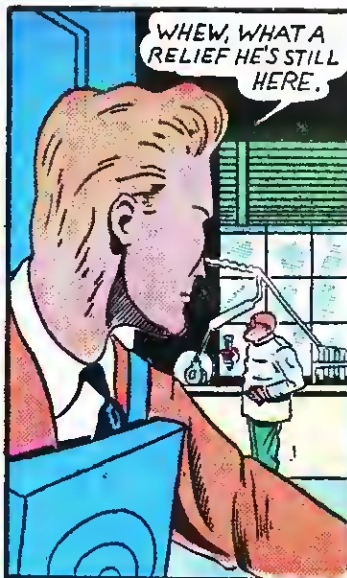
THAT MADMAN PROBABLY THINKS
I RETURNED TO 1941 AND TOLD
THEM HE'S CAUSING THE PLAGUE.
BUT DOING THAT WON'T
STOP HIM.

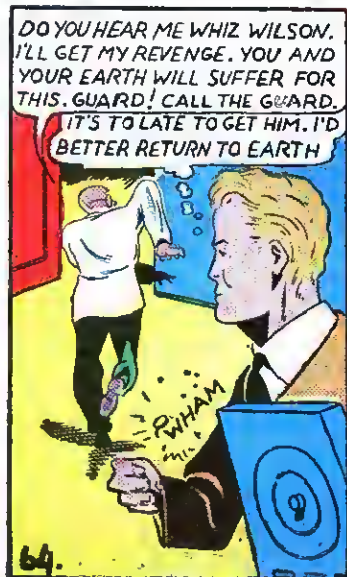
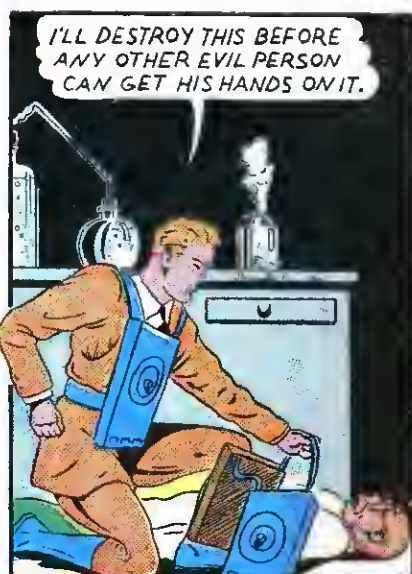
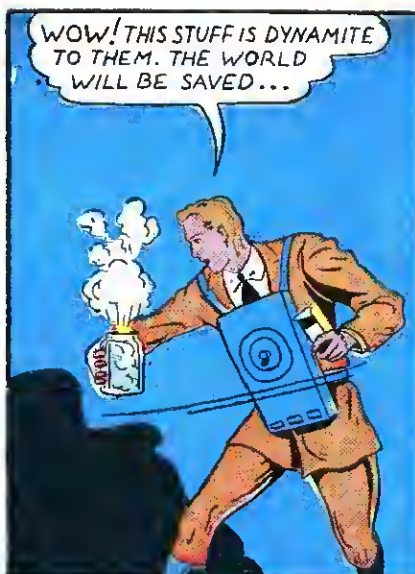


I'VE GOT TO RETURN TO HIS
LABORATORY AND GET THE
SERUM THAT WILL KILL THE
MALICANCROCES GERM.
AND TAKE THAT MADMAN
BACK WITH ME. 1941
MUST RECKON WITH HIM..



LET'S SEE. THEY TOLD ME
TO LOOK FOR A FELLOW
RUNNING AROUND WITH A
LITTLE BOX ON HIS CHEST.
WELL HE AINT AROUND HERE





WHIZZ RETURNS TO 1941 AND EXPLAINS TO DR. MENDEZ HOW HE GOT THE ANTI-MALICANCROCES SERUM....

